Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

THE BAPTISTS IN SAXONY.—The following interesting report of the progress of the church at Œderan, Saxony, has been forwarded to us by our friend Mr. Wilkin:—

"The past year was the first of the existence of the church at Œderan, in the kingdom of Saxony. It was in the year 1861 that the Lord began the work in this part, and in January, 1864, the converts in Saxony, most of whom lived at Œderan, joined together in church fellowship, under the pastoral care of Mr. Geissler. Although they were all young converts, and only sixteen in number, yet they have all stood the fiery test of persecution, for no sooner did the work begin in Saxony than persecution broke out. The converts openly left the Lutheran Church, and the clergy left no means untried, and did not shun the most cruel and tyrannical measures, to force them back into the State Church; but, through God's mercy, they tried in vain. Every individual was summoned, again and again, before the magistrates, and treated just like the worst criminal. They were placed under the strictest surveillance of the police, who visited their houses, often two or three times daily, treating them as suspected characters; whilst, in public, they were made the butts of ridicule and annoyance. Repeatedly, when they met in each other's houses, and even when only the members of the same family were present, they were broken in upon and dispersed by the *gens-d'armes*. When a father and son, who resided in different houses, both became Baptists, they were no longer allowed to visit each other, nor were any other persons permitted to enter the houses of the Baptists. One brother was imprisoned for fifteen days for distributing tracts; another, five days, besides paying costs. And these persecutions have by no means ceased at present; for, only a few weeks ago, in consequence of several conversions, the police renewed their visits at the houses of our brethren, searching them for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and religious books, the whole of which they confiscated. Brother Fiedler was again brought up before the authorities and fined, and the brethren and sisters, who persisted in meeting together for prayer, were forcibly separated by the *gens-d'armes*. Mr. Geissler has spared no trouble in petitioning and appealing to higher tribunals for the liberty which God's people are entitled to, but, apparently, in vain. When an appeal was made against the forcible abduction of children from their parents, in order to baptise them in the State Church, the reply, both from the Minister of Public Worship and the king himself, was that they did not feel themselves called upon to interfere in the matter, as it was not permitted, by the laws of Saxony, that any native of the country should leave the State Church and join the Baptists. The preaching of the Gospel, by any other than the ministers of the State Church, is also still punishable with three years' imprisonment. Still, notwithstanding this severe persecution and oppression, the work of the Lord goes on. Not only have the converts remained faithful; but, by their example and testimony, others have been brought to Christ, and added, by baptism, to the church. Only one of the number has been too weak to stand. At one station, Altenburg, they seem likely to have more liberty, and a large increase. It is not in the kingdom of Saxony, and the service can be announced in the public papers. Brother Kratch held the first service there, on the first Sunday in this year; and, in the evening, the large hall of the Rifle Club was crowded with persons of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, who listened with profound attention to the saving truths of the Gospel. Mr. Geissler, in forwarding the report of the church at Œderan, begs the constant and earnest prayers of all Christians on behalf of these persecuted brethren, and for the speedy coming of a larger amount of religious liberty in Saxony. Mr. Geissler, who was educated in England, under the auspices of the Baptist Evangelical Society, is the pioneer of the Baptist cause in Saxony, and his labours and persecutions have frequently been brought under the notice of Christians in this country."

DOMESTIC.

DARLINGTON.—Induction and welcome services were held here on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 23rd and 24th, in connexion with the settlement of Mr. J. H. Gordon, late of Astley-bridge, Bolton, as pastor of Archer-street church. At half-past two on the Thursday afternoon, the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, B.A., of Manchester, preached in the chapel, the Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle, taking the devotional exercises. The chapel was filled; and the sermon, founded on Psalm cxxxii., and delivered in the preacher's best style, was listened to with rapt attention. At half-past five, a public tea-party was held in the Mechanics' Hall, and between 300 and 400 persons sat down to tea. After tea, a public meeting was held, under the presidency of George Williamson, Esq., of North Shields. Mr. J. Williamson, senior deacon, made a statement on behalf of the church; and Mr. Gordon

responded. Then followed a series of highly-interesting addresses, from the Rev. H. Kendal (Independent), as representing the ministers of the town; the Rev. W. Hanson, of South Shields, as representing the ministers of the neighbourhood; the Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as representing the Northern Association; and the Rev. A. Maclaren, B.A., as representing the Association of Lancashire and Cheshire. The latter gentleman delivered an inspiriting address, which was only equalled in interest by that of the Rev. G. W. Conder, late of Leeds, the spiritual father of the new pastor. On the following (Friday) evening, the services were brought to a close by a sermon from the Rev. G. W. Conder. Mr. Conder delivered the identical sermon which was blessed of God to Mr. Gordon's spiritual enlightenment and blessing,—John xiv. 8, 9,—and the chapel was crowded, to the occupation of the aisles, by a deeply-interested and most thoughtful company.

Sutton-in-Craven, Yorkshire.—On Friday, March 3rd, the new Baptist chapel in this place was opened for divine worship. The morning service was commenced at eleven o'clock, by the Rev. W. E. Archer, minister of the place, who read a psalm and prayed. A hymn was then sung, and the Rev. William Fawcett, formerly pastor of the church, read a portion of Scripture, and offered the dedicatory prayer. The Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Manchester, then delivered a very able sermon. The Rev. N. Walton, of Cowling-hill, presented the closing prayer. A large company sat down to an excellent dinner in the adjoining school-room. In the afternoon, a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by T. Aked, Esq., of Harrogate. The Rev. G. Terry (Wesleyan), offered prayer; and the Revs. W. E. Archer, W. Fawcett, T. Pottenger, and N. Walton, and W. Stead, Esq., of Rawdon, delivered addresses. Several hundreds of persons then partook of tea; and in the evening the Rev. A. Mursell again preached an admirable sermon. The Rev. John Aldis, jun., of Howarth, concluded by prayer. On the two following Sundays, sermons were preached by the Revs. S. G. Green, B.A., principal of Rawdon College; J. Makepeace, of Bradford; W. Best, B.A., of Leeds; and H. Dowson, of Bradford. All the congregations were large, some of them crowded to excess, and many were obliged to retire, admission being impossible. The united collections amounted to £370. The chapel is a most beautiful structure, and called forth frequent expressions of admiration. It is regarded as quite a model for chapel-building.

Sheepshed, Leicestershire.—On Tuesday evening, March 7th, a meeting was held at the Baptist chapel, Sheepshed, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial, accompanied by a purse containing nearly sixty sovereigns, to the Rev. J. Bromwich, the pastor of the Baptist church in that place, and who for thirty-seven years has proclaimed to them "the unsearchable riches of Christ" with great acceptance and usefulness. The chapel was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and a large company sat down to tea at five o'clock, after which a public meeting was convened, when the Rev. T. Bumpus, of Loughborough, was called to the chair. The meeting was opened by singing a hymn, and prayer by Mr. Black. The chairman stated the object of the meeting, and proceeded, at the request of the committee, to read the testimonial. Mr. B. Christian, one of the deacons of the church, was then called upon to make the presentation to Mr. Bromwich, which he did in a most appropriate and affectionate manner. Mr. Bromwich having intimated his grateful acceptance of this valuable present, and his hope that this mark of esteem would tend to "stir up the smouldering fires of life," and to encourage his devotion and zeal, the chairman successively called upon the Revs. E. Stevenson, G. Hester, and J. Mason, of Loughborough; and the Rev. J. Barnett, of Blaby, to address the meeting. The speeches delivered by these gentlemen were of a more than ordinarily thoughtful and interesting character, and were listened to with profound attention.

Scarborough.—The friends statedly assembling for Christian worship in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Scarborough, have just completed the first year of their present ecclesiastical existence. On Sunday, March 5th, the anniversary sermons were preached, morning and evening, by the Rev. J. Acworth, LL.D., now residing in Scarborough; and on the following Wednesday evening a meeting, John Berry, Esq., in the chair, was held for the purpose of inviting a minister of the denomination to the pastorate, and of concerting measures for providing at once a permanent religious home. It was stated by the treasurer that all the expenses hitherto incurred by this effort to establish another Baptist church in this rapidly-extending town had been fully met, owing mainly to the all-but-gratuitous manner in which the students of Rawdon College, as well as ministerial brethren generally, had rendered their official services; but also in part to the spontaneous pecuniary aid of one or two friends at a distance. It was further inti-

mated that an eligible plot of ground for the erection of a chapel is on the eve of being secured; and that as soon as any fair proportion of assistance from without is promised, the erection will be proceeded with. The friends on the spot are prepared to do their very best, but to do the work alone is beyond their power.

LANDPORT.—On Wednesday, March 8th, the ceremony of laying the memorial-stone of a new Baptist chapel at Lake-road, Landport, was performed by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Many of the ministers of the town were present; and a large number of spectators. The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. G. Hastings, of Buckland, giving out a hymn; after which, the Rev. J. Davis, of Portsea, read a portion of Scripture and offered prayer. The Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, of Southsea, then addressed the meeting, after which the Rev. E. G. Gange, the pastor of the church, gave an account of the pecuniary affairs. Mr. Spurgeon then offered prayer for the divine blessing upon the undertaking, the pastor, and people, and gave a pleasing and instructive address. He then performed the ceremony of laying the memorial-stone to commemorate God's goodness in the past, and as a testimony of their faith in him for time to come. The ceremony was concluded with the benediction. In the evening, Mr. Spurgeon preached in King Street Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion) on behalf of the building fund. The chapel, although the largest in the town, was densely crowded. The amount realised by the afternoon and evening services, including a donation of £50 from Mr. Spurgeon, was about £210.

CHENIES, BUCKS.—On Thursday, March 16th, services were held in connexion with the settlement of the Rev. W. C. Ellis, as pastor of the Baptist church, Chenies. A large number of ministers and friends partook of tea in the school-room, which, with the chapel, was tastefully decorated. The public meeting was held at half-past six o'clock, under the presidency of J. J. Smith, Esq., of Watford, who, after a hymn had been sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. J. Lawton, of Berkhampstead, delivered a kind and appropriate address, declaring his attachment to Chenies and the church of Christ assembling there, and cordially welcomed the pastor to his new charge. The Rev. W. C. Ellis then presented various reasons for concluding that he had been led by divine Providence to accept the unanimous invitation to the pastorate. Addresses of hearty welcome were delivered by the Revs. J. Butcher, of Weston Turville; R. Bayne, of Rickmansworth; T. Peters, of Watford; J. Preston and J. H. Snell, of Chesham; and G. Warne, of Sarratt. During the evening, several suitable pieces were sung by the choir.

CLAYTON, NEAR BRADFORD.—A public meeting took place, on Tuesday evening, March 7th, in the General Baptist chapel, Clayton, to celebrate the extinction of the debt on that place of worship. About 700 persons sat down to tea. After tea, the chair was taken by —. Robertshaw, Esq., of Bradford, and appropriate and spirit-stirring addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by the Revs. B. Firth, Great Horton; R. Hardy, of Queensbury; B. Wood, of Bradford; W. E. Winks, of Allerton; and C. Leigh, pastor. Mr. B. Sowden, of Bradford, one of the founders of the church, read an interesting account of the rise and progress of the General Baptist cause in Clayton, from which we learn that twelve months ago there was a debt of £132 on the chapel, which debt, through the indefatigable exertions of the minister, members, and friends, has, by means of the subscriptions, and proceeds of the tea-party, been entirely liquidated, and a balance of £90 remains on hand. It is intended to apply the balance to the purposes of fitting-up the chapel with gas, painting it, and re-seating the bottom part of it.

WICK, CAITHNESSHIRE.—A Baptist chapel has just been erected in this place for the accommodation of the church which has for forty-three years assembled in an "upper room" in the High-street. The chapel is substantially and neatly built, and will accommodate about 600 persons. The opening services took place on Sunday, March 5th, when the Rev. J. E. Dovey, of Edinburgh, preached morning, afternoon, and evening, to large congregations. At the close of the morning service, the church united in the observance of the Lord's Supper, when the Rev. R. C. Sowerby (the pastor), Mr. Dovey, and Mr. Scott (Keiss), conducted the service. On the following Monday, a tea-meeting was held, attended by not less than 500 persons. W. Waters, Esq., ex-provost, presided. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Lillie (Established), J. Currie (Congregational), J. Peill (E. U.), A. Key (U. P.), J. Scott, J. E. Dovey, and R. C. Sowerby. The cost of the new chapel was stated to be about £1,700, towards completing the payment of which the assistance of friends was urgently desired.

ST. NEOT'S.—On Tuesday, February 28th, a public tea-meeting was held at the Public Room, St. Neot's, for the purpose

of bidding farewell to the Rev. G. B. Thomas, who has resigned the pastorate over the "Old Meeting" for a new sphere of labour at Leeds. Upwards of 200 sat down to tea. A public meeting was afterwards held, which was very numerously attended. There was a goodly array of ministers of various denominations on the platform, including the Rev. Messrs. Lloyd, of St. Ives, who presided; Dawson, of Eynesbury; Grant, of Spalding; Rolls, of Roxton; Jones, late of Fenstanton; and Morris, of Goodmanchester. The speeches were generally effective, of course having prime reference to Mr. Thomas's departure. The rev. gentleman having replied in an eloquent and feeling speech, the doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced. On the previous day, Mr. Thomas was presented with a testimonial of £50.

ARTHUR STREET, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON.—A tea and public meeting was held on Tuesday, February 28th, in Arthur Street Chapel, Gray's Inn-road, to commemorate the union of the Baptist church lately meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate-street, with the church in the above place. The church at Shaftesbury Hall was formed about three years since, consisting of a few members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle resident in the neighbourhood, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The churches thus united have given a unanimous invitation to Mr. Osborne, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, to become the co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. Wills, who has been laid aside by severe indisposition for several months.

NETHERTON, WORCESTERSHIRE. — A Baptist chapel has just been erected in this place, for the accommodation of the church which has, for 200 years, assembled in a small chapel. The chapel is substantially and neatly built, and will accommodate about 500 persons. The opening services took place on the 12th and 19th of February. Collections, £40. The church and congregation, with the assistance of neighbouring churches, have reduced the expenses of building one-half, leaving a debt of £600, for which they appeal to a generous public. The Rev. G. Cosens, late of Usk, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church, and enters on his duties with prospects of great usefulness.

RISHWORTH, NEAR HALIFAX.—The Rev. J. R. Taylor has been ordained pastor of the church at Rishworth, near Halifax. The chapel was quite crowded at the services. The Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., president of Rawdon College, delivered the introductory discourse. The Rev. H. J. Betts, of Bradford, asked the usual questions. At the close of the afternoon service, tea was provided in the school-room, where nearly 300 friends sat down.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. A. Peet has accepted the pastorate of the church meeting in the old Baptist chapel, Sharnbrook, Beds.—The Rev. G. Pung, of Glemsford, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Ebenezer Chapel, Cottenham, Cambs.—The Rev. J. Parish has accepted the pastorate of the church at Oakington, Cambs.—The Rev. W. Samuel, of Rhuddlan, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the Baptist church at Cwmbach, Aberdare, and commenced his labours there on the second Sabbath in March.—The Rev. R. G. Moses, B.A., of Lymington, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at St. Clements, Norwich.—Mr. James Williams, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the churches, Hebron and Soar, Saundersfoot, Pembrokeshire.—Mr. H. A. James, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. T. Phillips a few weeks since publicly announced his intention of resigning the pastoral charge of the church at Earl's Barton at the close of the present month. His address is, No. 2, St. Philip's-terrace, Kensington, W.—The Rev. J. L. Whitley, of East Dereham, Norfolk, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church in Great George-street, Salford, and will enter on his labours April 9th.—Mr. D. T. Phillips, of Haverfordwest College, has received and accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of Lantwitt Major Baptist church, and commenced his labours on Lord's day, March 19th.—The Rev. H. Watts, of Golcar, has resigned the pastorate of the church at that place, and has accepted the call of the Baptist church at Stanningley, near Leeds. He will enter upon his stated labours there the first Lord's day in April.—Dr. Emlyn Jones has resigned the charge of the church at Salem, Cardiff, and has taken to that of the Tabernacle, Merthyr. His address is, Thomas Town, Merthyr.—The Rev. W. K. Dexter has resigned the pastorate of the church at Thurleigh, Beds.—The Rev. E. S. Pryce, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Windmill-street, Gravesend, which he has held for upwards of twenty years.—Mr. Thomas Henry Holyoak, of Bristol College, has accepted the invitation of the Bath-street church, Glasgow, to the pastorate vacant by the removal of Mr. Boulding to London.

GENERAL.

CHURCH-RATE FACTS.—The "Explanatory Memorandum and Summary" prefixed to the local taxation returns for the year 1863, states "that the names of 11,894 parishes, districts, &c., from which [church-rate] returns were received will be found in the abstract. In 9,017 of these the amounts of receipts and expenditure are shown, the remaining 2,877 being '*nils*.'" As a matter of fact, returns are given from 12,250 parishes, and on careful investigation we find that in the year 1863, to which the returns apply, only 7,310 of these parishes levied rates, while in 4,940 others they were either not asked for or refused. The "Memorandum" goes on to say that the returns are fewer than those of the preceding year by 514, and that the decrease is principally in the "*nils*," and "is in great degree attributable to chapelries, &c., in which the returns of former years showed that no church-rates are levied, having been struck off the list and not applied to for returns last year." We are, therefore, entitled to add some hundreds on this score to the number of parishes in which church-rates are not made. Besides this, in many cases the rate, though made in form, is not collected from known objectors, and thus becomes a mere voluntary subscription. Taking these into account, we may fairly affirm that compulsory church-rates are unknown in as many as 6,000 parishes. The parishes are returned in their dioceses, and it is a curious fact that church-rates are refused in every diocesan or cathedral town save one—Ely. Almost every town of mark is returned among the "*nils;*" in some dioceses the parishes in which rates are levied are, without exception, in obscure country districts. Let us take the diocese of Worcester, for example. Birmingham, Worcester, Coventry, Rugby, Blockley, Dudley, Evesham, Feckenham, Kidderminster (two parishes), King's Norton, Pershore, Stourbridge, Stratford-on-Avon, Oldswinford, and Warwick, are returned as "*nils*," and the only places of any size in which rates are made are Alvechurch, Kidderminster (one parish), Leamington Priors, Malvern, Shipston-on-Stour, and Droitwich, in which a church-rate yielding the astonishing sum of 17*s.* 3*d.* is declared to have been levied. In the dioceses of London, Manchester, Chester, and Ripon, as well as in the Welsh dioceses, the parishes refusing church-rates largely outnumber those which grant them. What this means is apparent at a glance—in the metropolis and in the great manufacturing districts the people are too intelligent and independent to suffer church-rates, and long ago they kicked them ignominiously away.—*Patriot.*

"NO DISSENTER NEED APPLY."—The committee of the Hampshire County Hospital have lately been busy in the election of a house-surgeon. The election ultimately lay between two gentlemen—Mr. A. B. Adams and Mr. E. L. H. Fox. Mr. Adams is two years younger than Mr. Fox, and the time between twenty-one and twenty-three is a very important period in a course of professional study. Mr. Fox has graduated as bachelor of medicine at the university of London; whereas Mr. Adams has only passed, though very creditably, the first examination for that degree. Notwithstanding these facts, the committee elected Mr. Adams by a majority of eight votes to six, and under ordinary circumstances their doing so would be no concern of ours. But the reasons which are alleged to have determined them in their present selection do seem to call for some passing notice. Upon the candidates making their appearance, "the following," we are told, "were the first questions put by the committee:—Are you a member of the Church of England? Have you been confirmed? Are you a communicant?" The answers to these questions were severally noted down by the chairman, and the successful candidate was the only gentleman who answered the last question in the affirmative. The importance which the committee attached to this latter consideration is further shown by the fact that Mr. Adams was asked by one of them, during his canvass, "Are you a communicant?" and on his answering in the affirmative, he received the encouraging assurance, "Then we have got over a great difficulty"! We are also told, on the authority of a medical contemporary, that one of the rejected candidates was "advised that it might be to his advantage to take the sacrament on the Sunday before the election." It is difficult to say whether the bigotry which limits a medical appointment in a hospital, deriving its support indiscriminately from the charity of a whole county, to the members of a single communion, or the profanity which degrades the most sacred rite of the Christian church to the level of a preliminary condition for success in a professional competition, is the most offensive element in this disgraceful transaction.—*Daily News.*

THE DECLINE OF INFANT BAPTISM IN AMERICA.—By the report of the General Association of Massachusetts for the year

1863, it appears that there are in the commonwealth 400 orthodox Congregational churches, embracing 73,479 members. The number admitted to full membership during the past year was 2,928. The number baptized was 1,652—660 adults, and 992 infants. Thus it appears that for every three infants baptized in the Congregational churches of Massachusetts, there are two adults baptized. It did not use to be so. Indeed, this is a much larger proportion of adult baptisms than in the preceding year. Then the respective numbers were 646 adults to 1,106 infants; or nearly two infants to one adult. In seven out of the twenty-seven Associations there were more adults than infants baptized. In the Andover Association there were fifty-six adults baptized, and only thirty infants. One church in this Association, containing nearly 400 members, reports fourteen adults baptized, but not a single infant! Another church, in the Old Colony Association, containing 162 members, reports—adults baptised, twelve; infants, none. But the Plymouth Association shows the most encouraging record in this respect—120 adults to thirty infants; or four scriptural baptisms (so far as relates to the *subjects*) to one unscriptural. Out of nineteen churches in this Association, only ten had any infant baptisms during the year, and only one of these more than three; one had twenty-five adults and no infant, and another forty-two adults and no infant! One of the largest churches in the Worchester South reports thirteen adults and no infants baptized. These facts show that Baptist principles have taken deep root among the Congregational churches of Massachusetts, and are spreading and bringing forth practical fruit.—*Maryland Baptist.*

HAVELOCK'S INFLUENCE.—Not only is the name of Havelock yet fragrant, but his personal influence is still felt in Northern India. Six adults have been received into the church by baptism at Allahabad, and of these, two—a brother and a sister, originally Mussulmans—are the orphan children of an old servant of that Christian soldier. "I have no doubt," writes the missionary, "the good influence under which they were thus brought was the original means of impressing them with a conviction of the excellence of Christianity, and that the seed then sown has borne fruit after many days." Another missionary (like the former, in connexion with the Church of England Society), during an itinerancy, visited a bazaar in Kernaul. Here he met with a banker, who took him home, with some friends, and there, with them, listened attentively while he explained the doctrine of Christianity. A Brahmin, who was present, tried to establish his views; but as the company thought them less deserving attention than the teaching of Scripture, he left in disgust. The missionary adds:—"The banker then asked me how it was that Europeans, having such a holy religion, there were so few among us who followed the precepts of it; whether we had not two Bibles in use; how it was that such a number could live a life according to their own inclinations? He then mentioned some godly officers, whom he knew, among them General Havelock and a son of his, and thought it a pity we had not more like them."

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, is at present in considerable anxiety respecting his eldest son, who was kidnapped, in an American port, on board the vessel in which he was serving, by some of those unprincipled agents for procuring substitutes of whom we have heard. He enlisted in the 3rd New Hampshire Volunteers. He is known to have been present at the skirmish before Richmond on October 7th, 1864, but from that time all trace of him is lost, and every mode of sending letters to him has been tried in vain. He is believed to have been made prisoner by the Confederates. It is hoped that if the American papers would give circulation to the above facts, the son may be able to send notice, through the Southern journals, of his present condition and place of abode to his father, before he sets out once more to the interior of Africa.

Obituary.

ROBERT MILLER WAVELL, ESQ., M.D.,
NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE decease of this good, revered, and useful man, took place on Wednesday evening, February 8th, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. For the last eighteen months his physical strength was so weakened through indisposition, as to disable him from discharging the arduous duties of his profession.

He was a magistrate and town-councillor for nearly twenty-five years. He took the Liberal side in politics; ever giving his influence and support to all measures which contemplated the welfare of the people.

In religion he was a Dissenter and Baptist. He was baptized on the 25th of August, 1842.

His remains were carried to their last

resting place on Tuesday, 14th February, in the burial ground belonging to the Baptist chapel. The presence of the mayor, magistrates, members of the town-council, of the medical profession, many of his ecclesiastical brethren, and fellow-Christians of other denominations, was indicative of the high esteem and deep affection in which he was held.

As a man and a gentleman; as a member of a learned profession, and a magistrate; as a husband and relative; as a friend and brother; as a member and officer in a Christian church, he manifested the disposition of the meek and lowly Jesus, who went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men. To all his relations—civil, social, and ecclesiastical—shone forth the true Christian character. He was a good husband; a righteous magistrate; a kind and skilful physician—would have saved his patients every pain and pang, had that been within his power. As a Christian he was condescending and generous, liberal and large-hearted. The poor of Christ's fold had ever a special share of his sympathies. In them he saw the image of Jesus, the representatives of Christ's suffering and humiliation upon the earth. He was an ornament to the Christian community, and to his own denomination in particular. He maintained a stainless character, a consistent life, and contributed largely to the support of Christ's cause. His loss is widely felt.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE month upon which we enter to-day is the month that is appropriated to the Annual Meetings of our Denominational Societies. Within three weeks of the present time, London will be the centre to which a large number of Ministers and others from all parts of the country will repair; and the Mission House in Moorgate Street will be crowded from day to day by earnest and we trust devout assemblies, all devoted to the grand work of spreading the Gospel at home and abroad. We are revealing no secret when we mention the fact, that this will be the last time that the Meetings will be held in Moorgate Street. The premises there, which have been in the possession of the Societies since the Jubilee in 1842, have been sold; and within a few weeks of the Meetings, the doors—so familiar to us all—will be closed, and the property handed over to its new owners. We do not think we are wrong when we say, that these Meetings, the last in Moorgate Street, will be scarcely less important than any that have been held there. Great constitutional changes are proposed. As will be seen from another page, important changes in the constitution of the Foreign Missionary Society will be discussed; and the final step will be taken for the purpose of uniting the Home and the Irish Missions. The Baptist Union will also hold its Annual Meeting, which *ought* not to be less successful than the Autumnal Meeting which was held in Birmingham last year. We trust that "the spirit of wisdom and of a sound mind" will be given to all the assembled brethren, and that the decisions they arrive at will be for the good of the Denomination and of the Church at large. One thing rejoices us greatly, and that is that the Baptist Union—which is evidently becoming stronger day by day, under the management of its new Secretary—is endeavouring to make arrangements to provide hospitality for brethren visiting London from the country. No doubt London Baptists will show themselves "not forgetful to entertain strangers." Both to enter-

tainers and entertained the intercourse will prove a pleasure and a blessing.

The Colenso case has been settled during the past month. As was all but universally expected, the decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council is in favour of Bishop Colenso. With Lord Chancellor Westbury for "Head of the Church," the decision could hardly have been otherwise. It is important, however, to remember that the question of Dr. Colenso's orthodoxy was not even entertained. The sole question was one of jurisdiction; and it was distinctly settled that the Bishop of Capetown had no authority over Bishop Colenso, but that the Committee of Privy Council had authority over both. The *effect* of the Judgment is, that Colonial Bishops are reduced, so far as the law is concerned, to the *status* of Nonconformist Bishops. No one need obey them who does not *choose* to do so. They have no "territorial authority." The Church in the Colonies is practically a Free Church. Of course, Bishop Colenso will soon be on his way to his diocese in Natal. We are sorry for the Zulus; but we are not sorry for a decision which it seems to us will have important consequences.

American affairs still furnish cause for gratification and thankfulness. General Sherman continues his conquests, and General Lee will, in all probability, soon have to evacuate Richmond. The military advantage remains decidedly with the North. Meantime, the second Presidency of Mr. Lincoln has begun. It was inaugurated on the Fourth of March by a right royal speech, which no one, we should think, could read without emotion. Certainly, President Lincoln has, notwithstanding the falsehoods of his foes, proved himself "every inch a king." We anticipate for him ere long the joy of the conqueror. In one respect only are we disappointed in regard to America. The constitutional amendment, of which we spoke last month, has not as yet secured the requisite ratification from two-thirds of the States. Only eighteen have as yet voted for it, while twenty-five are necessary, and three of those whose vote was counted on by the friends of the measure, New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky, have thrown it out. In New Jersey, however, it failed, owing to a "tie vote" in the Legislature, and it is not improbable that the Republicans may secure a majority next year. Of course, the adoption of the amendment is certain, but it is not improbable now that it will be two or three years before the requisite number of States join in the ratification.

At home, affairs are as dull as possible. Both the Government and the Parliament seem resolved to do as little as possible, beyond carrying on the ordinary business of the State. It is said somewhat positively that Parliament will be dissolved early in July. The sooner the better—*if only the electors are prepared.*

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

MAY, 1865.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

It is probable that the present era of the Christian church will hereafter be known as the "Age of Societies." For when, at the close of the last century, Christian people were re-awakened to their responsibility in connexion with the world's evangelization, it was seen at once that no ecclesiastical body, as then existing, possessed within itself the machinery for the work. It was, therefore, needful to embody the new-born power and zeal in organizations foreign to the churches themselves. Every denomination, accordingly, soon attached to itself a society, to perform the work which ought to have been regarded from the first as the special and inalienable obligation of the church. For a time, the society outran many of the churches in zeal and efforts. The former embodied an *individual* ardour and devotedness, by which the collective life of the latter was not as yet characterized. Every year, however, has witnessed some lessening in this distinction. Not individuals merely, but churches almost everywhere, have accepted the work of God as theirs. It will not be long before the relation of the society to the churches will become representative and subordinate. The central committee, the subscribers' conference, the public meeting, with other parts of the machinery, may still exist; but it will be because churches, acting in their proper capacity, have recognized in such arrangements the best means of economizing the labour, and giving effect to the will of the whole ecclesiastical body.

We trust that the May Meetings will continue. There is something unique in these gatherings. They are not for work; for the "resolutions" of Exeter Hall are mostly formalities. "Sentiments" are being substituted for motions; and smaller conventions do the actual business of the societies. Nor are they for mere enjoyment; for, although their general aspect is hilarious and jubilant, the moments of highest excitement and interest are when the deepest chords of feeling are for a moment touched. It is useless to allege that the multitudes assemble in Exeter Hall for the information they receive; for an hour's study at home of the records of any society would put them better in possession of the facts than all the eloquence of a protracted meeting. The truth is, that the fellow-

workers in any great enterprise need an occasion of expressing their mutual sympathies, and of rejoicing or mourning together over the issues of their work. They may not feel the urgent need of eloquent speeches,—the Report they could read at home; but they do require the cordial greeting, the warm shake of the hand, from friends parted all the year beside in their own several spheres. Old fellow-students renew for an hour the ancient companionship. Pastors from solitary and discouraging scenes of toil animate each other to be of good cheer. The young become familiar with the form and tones of those whose names have become household words in the churches, and whose deeds or writings have become a source of strength and life to many opening minds. Altogether, it is not the actual work done, it is not the oratory, it is not the sermons—surpassing as the power and beauty of these last often are; but it is the *occasion*, the glow of Christian feeling, the exchange of hearty goodwill, the sense of being engaged in a noble enterprise with a noble band of fellow-workers, that makes the "May meetings" invariably so stimulating to the heart's best energies, and the source of so much joy and power to the church, in its great evangelic work.

At the same time, there is in the world a cynicism and frivolity which can understand nothing of all this. Naturally, therefore, the May meetings are a standing butt of small satire, and a favourite opportunity for the revival of faded jokes. What do these people meet *to do?* is scornfully asked. Why crowd Exeter Hall to sit under reports that nobody wants to hear, and pass resolutions that nobody can deny? Unfavourable contrasts perhaps are drawn between the platform of cheerful smiling white-cravated divines, and scenes which in olden time have been enacted on a more heroic stage,—as the Pilgrim Fathers on the *Mayflower* deck, or the Covenanters on the bleak hill-side. To say "My Christian friends," amid a storm of applause, is set down as an easier beginning of a speech than the "Fellow-countrymen" of a martyr. And then, in order to make us thoroughly ashamed of ourselves, the philanthropy which finds Exeter Hall a genial climate, and enjoys itself there accordingly, is called "*dilettanti*." If we can stand this sarcasm, we must be proof indeed! But there are other epithets in store. The benevolence which would evangelize the world is also termed *telescopic*. Christians are accused of being blind to ignorance, sin, and wretchedness, within a given distance. The idolatry of the South Seas is affecting, the gin-worship of Saffron Hill is uncared for. Feejee cruelty melts the heart, the savage misery of Jacob's Island and "Tom All-alone's" excites no commiseration. The conversion of a heathen tribe in Africa awakens the spirit of enterprise in thousands who will not stir for the "conversion of a heathen court" in London. Such are the allegations, repeated in every variety of form, and by men of the highest mark in the literary world. We may well despise the charge of dilettanteism, but this, of indifference to the claims of our own country, is really serious. There is undoubtedly a popular impression, based on such representations as the above, that the advocates of missionary societies and the attendants of May meetings are thus in the habit of taking the children's bread, and casting it to the dogs. *Mrs.*

Jellaby becomes a type of the whole class. The claims of the family, of the social circle, and of the poor around, are all sacrificed to those of the sable and interesting savages of Borrioboolah Gha. But is this true? We are almost ashamed to ask the question. A thousand times has the calumny been refuted. Shall we then "slay the slain"? Well, perhaps it is better even "plentifully to declare the thing as it is," than to allow one single reader to think the thing that is *not*.

We call attention, therefore, to three facts. First, that the era of modern missions has been precisely the age of effort for the benefit of our home population, to which no former period can furnish any parallel. Secondly, that the very persons who have been foremost in labouring for the evangelization of the heathen are those who have worked most heartily and successfully for social, moral, and even sanitary reform in England. Who have laboured most unremittingly for the education of the people? Who originated Ragged Schools? Who have exerted themselves most strenuously for the moral benefit of railway "navvies"? The names that will occur in answer to questions like these, are precisely the names of men well known at the May meetings, and foremost among the supporters of missionary societies. Nay, what institution incomparably beyond all others brought to light those facts about the condition of the poor in London, which have led to the modern movements for the relief of distressed needlewomen,—the improvement of lodging-houses and the habitations of the poor,—the suppression of prostitution,—and the establishment of public baths and wash-houses? Every one will anticipate our reply. The London City Mission,—an institution whose friends and supporters will throng Exeter Hall a few days hence, after having been found with equal heartiness and zeal at our own missionary meeting, and afterwards at those of societies kindred with our own. And what on the other side of the question? We would not be invidious, but when we hear men say, "Go not yet into the world to preach the Gospel to every creature," we are tempted to ask what work *they* are doing at home, so vast that we must stay and help them? But for the most part we look in vain! The one thing they will not do, and they leave the other undone. Their philanthropy is not even one-sided. It contents itself with a criticism, and that a false one. Then, thirdly, there is enormous exaggeration as to the proportion between benevolent efforts for home and for foreign objects. There is an impression, we know, that Exeter Hall raises millions for the antipodes, and dribblets for Great Britain. The very reverse is the fact. For every "May meeting" of societies devoted to foreign operations, there are at least *three* of institutions that are doing their work at home. And as to the sums raised. We are not in the secret of the forthcoming balance-sheets; at the time we write, we are not even in the secret of our own; but we will be bold to say that the combined income of the Baptist, the London, the Wesleyan, the Church of England, and the Presbyterian Missionary Societies, together with the foreign grants of the Bible, Tract, Christian Knowledge Societies, and the Sunday School Union, will amount this year to very little more than half a million

sterling. Now, we will not ask our readers to follow us into the appalling calculation of how many times this sum is spent every year upon "bloated armaments" and fortifications, and perhaps *wasted* upon them,—but we may challenge a comparison with the money raised for purposes of religion and education, by the same churches and contributors, for expenditure in England. The most random approximation to such an estimate would exhibit the slander in its own ridiculousness, and, perhaps, shame the utterers of it for ever to silence.

And, truth to say, the cavil betokens to us nothing less than an absolute hatred to Christianity. On all other subjects men glory in feeling and acting as the members of one great family. The boast of "universal brotherhood," so long as it is a rhetorical flourish, and belongs thus to the domains of cant, is a signal for rapturous applause. Strange, that when it becomes no longer a mere clap-trap, but a living practical thing,—when expressed in work for man, as man, and on the sole ground of his common relationship to the great Father of all,—it should become the mark for the world's suspicion and contempt!

We have taken the ground of fact; we might have chosen that of philosophy. It is a law of human nature that the right performance of the nearest duty, best qualifies for the discharge of that which is remote. The sympathies of the widest expansion are strongest at their source. The circumference of the sphere of light is vast, because it radiates from a centre bright and burning. But the fact is enough for us now. It cannot be gainsayed. True, there are eccentrics in every sphere. Some persons are dazzled by the remote, the wild, the romantic; and these qualities are to them the chief fascination of the missionary enterprise. But such auxiliaries to the sacred cause form no part of its true strength. They rather harass and encumber, than support. The work would always be more wisely and efficiently done without them. Mr. Dickens may have met with a Mrs. Jellaby; we have never done so. And yet we have known many of the gentlest and noblest of their sex, rich in the affections and devoted to the duties of home, the object of many an affectionate benison from the poor and afflicted around, and at the same time most ardent in their zeal and earnest in their efforts for the salvation of the far-off heathen. Many such there will be in Exeter Hall, and at other scenes of hallowed festivity, during the glad May season. Cynicism may smile grimly at their enthusiastic interest, or may perchance condescend to sneer at their merry rivalry for the best seats, or at the innocent amusement of chat, or *crochet*, or both, with which they will beguile the hour, until the meeting begins. Let cynicism have its laugh. We know where the true-hearted Christian wives and mothers of the coming generation are to be found. The sunshine plays on the surface of earnest, noble natures. The home of after-days will be a happier, holier place for the ardour of sacred zeal enkindled now. Nay, there will come from that smiling group, should circumstances require, the most beautiful and glorious heroism. The spirit of many a Harriet Newall, or an Ann or Sarah Judson, is there, now veiled in cheerful smiles, enjoying THE MAY MEETING.

ACCIDENTS NOT JUDGMENTS.

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit. HORACE, Ars Poet., v. 191.

"AN old Maiden Gentlewoman," says Addison, in one of his inimitable *Spectators*, "whom I shall conceal under the name of NEMESIS, is the greatest Discoverer of Judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what Sin it was that set such a Man's House on fire, or blew down his Barns. . . . She has a Crime for every Misfortune that can befall any of her Acquaintance; and when she hears of a Robbery that has been made, or a Murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the Guilt of the Suffering Person than on that of the Thief or the Assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian that whatever happens to herself is a Trial, and whatever happens to her Neighbours is a Judgment."

NEMESIS, a maiden in Addison's time, must long since have married—married and brought forth many children. Her descendants are to be met in almost every street. Their name is Legion; their pedigree, at least on the spindle-side, incontestable. Their hereditary characteristics—that keen scent for other folk's sins, which yet is strangely at fault when their own sins are in chase; their perfect acquaintance with all the secrets of human guilt, combined with an equally perfect exemption from its stains; their prompt pitiless indignation against those who suffer wrong, rather than against those who do wrong;—all these, with many more, are patent to the most casual observer. Who has not encountered these worthy children of an unworthy mother? They "peep and mutter" in every neighbourhood. Perambulatory oracular shrines, they walk in all circles, and shrill their acidulous "woes" and "burdens" into every ear. They are up to all defections, whether of the right hand or the left. Milestones and mysteries, impervious to other eyes, are transparent to theirs, if, at least, any evil secret be lurking in them. They are familiar with all bosom sins—except their own. For them every room in the house has a cupboard, and every cupboard a skeleton; and they can tell you whose it is and how it got there. No sparrow falls to the ground but they can tell you of which wing he is lamed, and what he has done to deserve it. No carcase falls in any desert, however solitary and remote, but these vultures—who have no nose save for carrion—are gathered together to eat and eke to decry. No traveller falls among thieves but they, instead of helping or even passing him by, will stand beside him speculating on his guilt; pouring not oil and wine, but the venom of their rebukes, into his wounds; and then, mounting their ass, will ride away, with the port of men who have done a good deed that day, to make merry at their inn.

What they see or suspect, that they publish abroad. What is done in the darkness, that they bring to the light—not that it may thereby be reproved, but that they may plume themselves on their superior piety. What is done in the chamber, that they proclaim from the house-top, their house-top version being for the most part hopelessly, if not wilfully, corrupt. They thrive on other men's decay, grow strong on their infirmities, wax holy on their sins. They pull out the plums from their neighbours' characters, and cry, "What good men are we!" If all save themselves are so bad, are not they the more manifest saints? Other men's vices are the dung out of which these fair flowers grow; the dross from which these precious ores are extracted; the darkness in which these cheap candles shine. Prophets without inspiration, priests whose Urim and Thummim are their own narrow prejudices and preconceptions, they pronounce "dooms," or give an interpretation of them, which no sane mortal can believe, which the whole sane world can greet only with inextinguishable laughter: as when an

Austrian high-priest assured the Italians that "Liberalism is a great sin, for which Heaven punishes mankind with the Vine Disease;" or a Scotch Presbyter, who habitually dons the prophetic mantle, or some ragged imitation of it, traces "the Potato Blight" to "the Maynooth Grant"!

In ridiculing and denouncing the temerity of these "great Discoverers of Judgments" who "deal damnation round the land," we are by no means fighting with what Carlyle calls "*defunct* devils," or slaying sins that are thrice slain. They live, and, to the shame of Christian charity, are likely to live, long after we have drawn our last breath. On how many occasions in the public history of the last few years have we seen these "fools" of their own conceit "rush in where angels fear to tread"!

It is not very long since the heart of the nation was shaken by the tidings that Albert the Good was suddenly taken to his rest. There was silence for a little space, the whole people being stricken dumb with the greatness and suddenness of the calamity. One of the earliest voices that broke the silence was that of the ablest bishop on the Bench,* who comforted us in that time of our distress with the pious consolatory remark, that the death of the Good Prince was "God's judgment on our national infidelity." And when Count Cavour, the most sagacious and loyal statesman of modern times, fell beneath his great burden of care, did not The O'Donoghue, amid the general grief, exult over a patriot the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose, and bid the House of Commons mark "the finger of God" pointing in wrath to that honoured grave?

It is not four years since the darkness of the Claydon Tunnel, on the Brighton Railway, grew suddenly horrid with groans, and shrieks, and mortal outcries, amid which many poor souls sank into the deeper darkness of death. Forthwith the "great Discoverers of Judgments" made broad their phylacteries, and waxed prophetic on the calamity which had wounded so many tender hearts. Was it not *on a Sunday* that these poor souls were carried hence? Manifestly, those who were maimed and crushed in the collision were sinners above all the men of London and Brighton, and the special sin for which this sore judgment came upon them was that of breaking the Hebrew law of the Sabbath! The case was as clear as that of the Man in the Moon, who, as all men know, was caught up to the icy lunar bosom for picking up sticks on a Sunday! And yet only a few weeks before, *and on a Sunday*, there occurred that memorable panic in Surrey Hall, in which almost as many victims were maimed and crushed while the Preacher's voice was still sounding in their ears! And if these whose frames were mangled while they were offering the sacrifices of worship were not guilty above all men; might it not be that the unworshipping excursionists crushed by the collision had done nothing worthy of death? Within a fortnight, moreover, and this time *on a Monday*, there was another accident to an excursion train.† Again groans, and shrieks, and mortal outcries wounded the general ear; and by the light of burning carriages the maimed and dead were extricated from the complex fatal heap. And if an accident on the first day of the week is a judgment on Sunday travelling; was the accident on the second day of the week a judgment on Monday travelling? If every day on which a great catastrophe has occurred is to be made a *dies non*, or a *dies nefasti*, on what day of the week *will* it be lawful to travel?

It is not likely that any of us have forgotten the Cotton Famine; the dark cloud still hangs in the northern heaven, though now many stars of hope shine

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* The Bishop of Oxford.

† The accident on the North London line, the exact date of which we have lost, though many of our readers will remember it.

through it. When it was at its worst, when beneath that dismal threatening shadow there sat thousands on thousands of patient men, clemmed yet unmurmuring, men of whom all England thought with a sacred ruth and pride, a wealthy dignitary * of the wealthiest church in Christendom wrote them—not a cheque, but a pastoral letter. Alas! this high dignified priest is a great Discoverer of Judgments. He can tell you what sin it was that blew down this man's barn, or set that man's house on fire, as deftly as any old woman who ever squatted on the tripod. By way of comforting the starving "hands," he sent them the assurance that the cotton famine was God's judgment on them for "spending money in tobacco and intoxicating drink"! Now, to think of the smug Dean thrusting his shovel-hat into the innermost and best-informed circles of heaven, and then bustling down to earth to explain, on the best authority, what THE ALMIGHTY is doing or about to do; to think of him as calling down lightning from heaven to break—a glass and a pipe, may well move the most unwonted midriff to laughter. But to think that an authorized expositor of divine truth, a shepherd of souls, should go among the thousands who sat sorrowful, and starving, and stunned, with a scourge instead of a crook, and offer them an insult instead of a consolation; to think of the many who, accepting such expositors as true interpreters of the Divine Word, must have turned away from the waters of life fouled by those unbeautiful feet;—is it not well-nigh enough to drive even a patient man to banning, or at the best to a prayer that *their* mouths may be stopped who so wickedly misrepresent the mercy of God?

The Civil War in America still drags its slow weary length along. "A manifest judgment on slavery!" cry the Northern Abolitionists. "No," replies the South; "it is as clear an assertion of liberty as history knows." "You are both wrong," say the Mormons; "it is a judgment on you both for murdering our prophet, and expelling us from Utah." "Nay," reply certain English quidnuncs, "*you* are as much in the wrong as the rest. Some eighty years ago the States wickedly rebelled against a good king and a light taxation, and now they are justly given up to the tyranny of military despots, and crushed beneath an overwhelming burden of debt."

Now these are all instances in which public events occurring within the last five years have been interpreted and misinterpreted by those who affect to be in the secrets of God. It is impossible to glance over them without remarking, first, that just as slugs, and snails, and toads come out after rainstorms, so these false prophets swarm after any great calamity, their croak being loudest and hoarsest when men sit silent with dismay: secondly, that they each interpret the Divine Providence according to their private prejudices and pocket theories, and, therefore, contradict each other in the absurdest fashion—croak clashing with croak: and, thirdly, that they carefully exclude *themselves* from the operation of the vengeance, being "such *very* good Christians that whatever happens to them is a trial, while whatever happens to their neighbours is a judgment."

But perhaps nothing is more remarkable in these Discoverers of Judgments than the impudent tact with which they select the facts which make for their theory, and ignore the facts which tell against it. If an excursion train meet with an accident on the first day of the week, it is a clear judgment on Sunday travelling, although, for a very obvious reason, there are more accidents on every other day of the week than on this; and the logical inference—if "judgments" were our sole criteria—would be, that of all days of the week Sunday was the best and safest for taking a journey. If one rogue or hypocrite is detected, unmasked, punished, this again, we are told, is a judgment of God: but if any

* The Dean of Carlisle.

ask, "Is not the impunity of hundreds of rogues and hypocrites also a judgment?" we receive no reply, or a reply which carries more commination in it than logic. In short, these men have the valuable faculty which Carlyle ironically lauds—"the talent of taking up simply what they can carry, and ignoring all the rest; leaving all the rest as if it were not there." You have only to compel them to take up and carry *all* the facts, and they break down. The happiest illustration of this point is a story so good that, if it is not true, it ought to be true. When Milton—old, poor, blind, worn out with many labours—had retired to obscurity, Charles II. paid him a visit at his house in Bunhill Fields, and found the statesman of the Commonwealth, the poet of all time, sitting at his door basking in the sun. "Do you not see, Mr. Milton," said the crowned *roué* whom the degenerate Church styled Our Most Religious King, "that your blindness is a judgment of God for the part you took against my father, King Charles?" "Nay," replied Milton; "if I have lost my *sight* through God's judgment, what can you say of your father, who lost his *head*?" One should hope that Our Most Religious King never tried *his* hand again at interpreting the ways of God to man.

We are far enough—as need hardly be said—from denying the doctrine of a Divine Providence, or that it really interferes in every even the most minute concerns of life. With Cowper we say—

> Happy the man who sees a God employed
> In all the good and ill that chequer life;

or, with Wordsworth, Happy the man who rests in

> An assured belief
> That the procession of our fate, howe'er
> Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
> Of infinite benevolence and power.

What we do deny is, that these Discoverers of Judgments are in the secrets of THE ALMIGHTY. To affirm that by an invariable and most merciful law sin entails punishment—national sins national punishments, personal sins personal punishments—is the duty of every Christian teacher: but to fix the times and assort punishments to sins, to affect to stand midway between heaven and earth and interpret the mysteries of Providence, is simply stark presumption in any uninspired man. It is not given to the sons of men, even though they be priests and bishops, to comprehend the goings of the Inhabitant of Eternity. The sweep of eternity is large, and gives scope and verge for the play of retribution beyond the reach of mortal eye. To play the interpreter, and say, "This punishment is a judgment on that sin," is to play the fool.

Even heathen sagacity discerned that the NEMESIS which waits on men's sins was no swift-footed Camilla scouring the plains of life, but an awful yet merciful goddess, daughter of Night and Darkness, who weighs, and ponders, and threatens with her brandished thongs, before she smites. And the thought personified in the Greek *mythus* is confirmed by the Christian revelation. The Holy Scriptures affirm the mystery and delay of retribution; that it is not measured on mortal scales; that the sweep and fall of its scourge are not traceable by mortal eyes. They teach us that those "whose feet are *swift* to shed blood" often outrun the pursuing vengeance for a time, and for a long time; nay, beyond all bounds of time. They teach that many offences 'scape whipping here, though sooner or later the impartial lash falls on all. In Psalm and Parable they tell us that the wicked are not plagued as other men: they ruffle in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; while humble virtue, clothed in rags, munches its scanty eleemosynary crust, and has only a dog—and even *that* not its own—for physician, and comforter, and friend.

The Gospel teaches us a more excellent way of interpreting the facts of life than that of these presumptuous Discoverers of Judgments. Instead of harping on the bloody fate of the men of distant Galilee, it bids us look nearer home to "the eighteen" here in Jerusalem on whom the tower fell and crushed them. Instead of dwelling even on the mysterious fate of our close neighbours, it bids us come *quite* home, and repent, lest we should likewise perish. It teaches us, in effect, that no evil is so evil as the spurious goodness which, separating us from our fellows, cries to its neighbours as from a superior platform, "Stand down there, for I am holier than you." It teaches us that the accidents by which we suffer, so far from being personal judgments on personal sins, are parts of that great mystery of evil, which is now suffered to task our thoughts and try our faith, in order that it may by-and-by lead in a completer beatitude, a profounder rest, an eternal good and joy.

The only safe moral we can draw from the judgments of God, or what seem to us his judgments, is the warning, *Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.* And this is a warning which comes down to us reinforced by its fulfilment in the history of those to whom it was first given. The Jews did not "repent;" they did "*likewise* perish." Just as "the eighteen" were crushed by the falling tower, so the desperate remnant of the holy nation were crushed, in the final assault of the Romans on their beautiful city, beneath the falling forts and walls. Just as by Pilate's perfidy the blood of the Galileans was mingled with that of their sacrifices, so the surviving Jews, driven from the walls into the temple, fell beneath the Roman sword, and were slain as, for the last time, they bent to worship in the sacred precinct.

Let us take the warning, and not judge one another any more. We are too apt, when we see any forlorn and solitary brother sitting, like Job, among the potsherds, to sit down beside him, like Job's comforters, and hand him the very sharpest and roughest of the sherds that he may scrape himself withal. We are too apt, when any calamity befalls our neighbours, to assume that they must be sinners above all other men, and to speculate—sometimes in their hearing—on the crimson and scarlet dyes of their guilt. We need, therefore, to remember that accidents are not judgments, that accidents are not even *accidents*, since they are all ordered of God, and form part of that gracious discipline by which he lifts us through the graduated and rising circles of his service. They are sent for *our* sakes, who only stand and witness them, as well as for the sakes of those who suffer them; not that we may judge others, but that we may examine ourselves. They are sent that we, if we suffer by them, may reach out hands of faith through time,

> To catch
> The far off interest of tears,
> And find in loss a gain to match.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF REV. ROBERT HALL.*

TO THE REV. ROBERT HALL, SEN.

[At Rev. John Ryland's School, aged 13.]—"NORTHAMPTON, *September* 30*th*, 1777.

"HONOURED SIR,—I take this opportunity to inform you that, through the goodness of God, I enjoy a good state of health, which I pray may be devoted to the glory of God and the vigorous pursuit of every branch of

* Communicated by J. E. Ryland, M.A.

my learning, and the vigorous desire after more likeness to God; and I hope, in the strength of Christ, I shall take the kind advice which you have always given me, and that I may be worthy of the saints, and that as I grow in age and stature, I may grow in grace and in the knowledge of God. I should be glad to see you at Northampton, when you can make it convenient, and to have a letter from you by Mr. Ryland. Mr. Bull, of Newport, has been here, and preached an excellent discourse on Friday evening. Please to give my love to my brothers and sisters and all my friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ryland send their respects.—I am, honoured sir, your dutiful son,

ROBERT HALL."

"*September*, 1779.

"DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,—I gladly embrace this opportunity of writing to you, whom, notwithstanding my apparent negligence, I shall always esteem my best friend. In the last you sent me you expressed your disapprobation of my long silence, but I must return my warmest acknowledgments that, in consequence of that, you did not deprive me of your much esteemed epistle, as you had threatened. I can make no other apology for my conduct in this respect, than the promise of future amendment, which I am deeply sensible can by no means repay your trouble and anxiety. You say I little know the bowels and tender affection of a father. I am heartily sorry you should suspect my affection, or think me so unfeeling, but be assured I am easily affected in this point, and can truly say there are a thousand tender thoughts pass across my throbbing breast, which no human eye can penetrate, or finite heart conceive. My health, through mercy, is much better than it used to be. I was glad to hear of the visit uncle and aunt paid; should have been exceedingly glad to see them. Oh that they had come a little sooner!

* * * *

"It is truly observed by Mr. Pope, speaking of knowledge in general,

"'The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise.'

"I am surprised I have heard nothing of your sermon, whether it be published or not. It is an old saying, 'Once well done, twice done.' I doubt not but you have brought it to the highest pitch of perfection. We are flushed with the expectation concerning it, which we feel persuaded you will not disappoint. I hope you will send a considerable number; you need have no doubt of their selling. I hope you'll send as soon as possible, nor will I ungratefully keep you so long without an answer, although, when I reflect on my comparative weakness, I cannot help being surprised that you should desire to have letters from me. Pray write as soon as possible. Friends here are all as well as usual. Mr. Stock, Ludlow, Thomas, Newton, &c., desire their kind respects. Please to give my sincere love to my brothers and sisters. I intend to write to Mr. Cotton speedily. Give my love to Mr. Margetts, Mr. Bruin, Mr. Flude, Mr. Palmer, and Mrs. and my good friend Hannah Mears.—I am, your dutiful son,

ROBERT HALL."

TO THE REV. THOMAS LANGDON.

"ARNSBY, *June*, 1784.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will excuse my troubling you with these lines to inform you how I am. Your letter of inquiry I thank you for, but should have said it displayed too much goodness of heart, did I not know that you have such abundance as can never be exhausted, and, therefore, you need not be an economist of it. I came by sea from Aberdeen, which prevented me from being at Leeds. I much lamented the loss of your and my Gildersome friends' company. It would have been a feast to me. My health is better than usual. Please to present my best respects to Miss ——, and tell the eldest I am impatient for the honour of a letter. I hope my answer to hers came safe. However, I shall make free to send another very soon. I wish you the blessing of God, and you may ever depend upon the sincerest gratitude from, dear sir, your affectionate friend,

R. HALL, jun."

TO THE SAME.

"CAMBRIDGE, 23*rd June*, 1800.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You well know it will always give me great pleasure to see you at Cambridge. With respect to your collecting, I can give you but little encouragement, as, independent of other considerations, we intend shortly to spend money in the enlargement of our own place. However, if you come into this country, it would grieve me exceedingly not to see you at Cambridge, and the least return I can make for the pleasure of a visit is to do what I can for your case, though I am really apprehensive it will be very little. It looks back such a number of years, and implies in the original projectors so much imprudence, that it must be indebted for its success almost entirely to the high esteem entertained for its solicitor.

"I am obliged to you for your congratulations on the success of my sermon. Its circulation has been greatly beyond my expectations, or its deserts, though it has been attacked, not merely by Flower, but by others, with the utmost violence and malignity; but I rest upon the consciousness of my integrity, and defy their rage. I should sooner have answered your letter, but I have just returned from London, where I have been three weeks. Hoping soon to see you at Cambridge, and requesting to remember me affectionately to Mrs. Langdon and any other friends, I remain, yours affectionately,

R. HALL."

TO THE SAME.

"*August* 23*rd*, 1804, SHELFORD.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your very kind letter. I was indeed extremely fatigued with my journey, and caught a considerable cold, but sustained no lasting inconvenience. I look back on the visit to Yorkshire with much pleasure, though my satisfaction was much impaired by the tooth-ache, from which I found no relief but by having the tooth extracted, which was done a day or two before I left Manchester. I was extremely delighted with the Peak; it gave me an impression of the power and majesty of the Creator apparent in his works which I never

wish to forget. You have probably seen it, and, therefore, I need say no more. At Manchester, I met with much kindness, was most hospitably entertained by Mr. Smith, and was much pleased with Mr. Bradley. He is a very amiable, sensible, and modest young man. With respect to the sermon preached at Rochdale, I have no intention of printing it. I am certain its merit is much overrated, and that the public would form a very different opinion of it than that which the partiality of friendship has dictated. Be this as it may, I must beg leave absolutely to decline the publication of it in its present form. I am extremely happy to hear from Mr. Littlewood, in a letter just received, that the subscriptions come on well. It is a great pity Mr. Kinghorne cannot be prevailed upon to accept the office of tutor, as it is a situation he is so well qualified to fill. I will be much obliged to you to inform Mr. Fawcett that I have received his letter, and will answer it as soon as I can with propriety. In the meantime remember me most affectionately to him. His friendship I esteem as great an honour as can befall me. Excuse haste, and believe me to be, with my best respects to Mrs. Langdon and all my Leeds friends, as if named, dear sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately, R. HALL."

TO THE SAME.

"*22nd February*, 1820.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am extremely concerned to hear so melancholy an account of the state of your health, and sympathize deeply with you in your sufferings. You may be assured of an interest in my poor prayers; but, alas! how much do they want to give them that efficacy which the Scripture attaches to the prayers of the righteous. I hope, my dear friend, that the danger is not so great as you imagine, and that with the return of spring weather your complaint will diminish and your strength be recruited. To yourself, I am well convinced, death would be great gain, but I hope you will yet be spared for a considerable season for the sake of your dear family (to whom I beg to be most affectionately remembered) and of your church. I indulge the hope—and Mrs. Hall and I often talk of it with much pleasure—that you and dear Mrs. Langdon will pay us a visit in the course of the next summer. Be assured nothing would give us more pleasure. Let me beg of you to avoid the night air; it is to your frequent exposure to that, I in a great measure impute the malady by which you are so much oppressed. Pray take all possible care of your health, and on no occasion be out in the night air.

"I am sorry to say that I know of no young person at liberty whom I could with propriety mention as a suitable assistant. It would be highly desirable he should be a person likely to succeed you in the pastoral office, otherwise it might lay the foundation of a division. Now I must say I know none I could mention of that description. Perhaps Dr. Ryland or Dr. Newman might be able to recommend a suitable person. I think I am tolerably aware what sort of a man would bid fair to be acceptable and useful—but where one is to be found, not already settled, I know not. A stated pastor would scarcely exchange his situation for that of an assistant, however respectable the connexion. I hope the Lord will

direct your friends to a suitable person. I am much gratified at finding they are disposed to consult your ease and comfort by such an arrangement. They ought long, very long since, to have released you from the fetters of a school, the fatigue of which has no doubt contributed much injury to your constitution. I hope they will endeavour, to their utmost, to compensate, by their future kindness, for their past neglect. * * I beg to be most tenderly and affectionately remembered to Mrs. Langdon, to your amiable daughter, and to your whole family. If I should hear of a suitable person as an assistant you may depend upon my informing you without delay.—I am, my dear friend and brother, your most affectionate sympathizing brother, ROBERT HALL."

TO THE SAME.

"*11th July.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—To hear from you is always a solace to my mind, for I can assure you, among the very few old friends time has spared me, you have long occupied the first place in my heart. I am very sorry you appear to forbid the hope of seeing you and dear Mrs. Langdon once more under my roof. You can hardly conceive the pleasure it would afford me and Mrs. Hall; I think if you could, your feeling heart would urge you to make the attempt. With respect to my visiting Leeds, be assured that next to my seeing you here, that would afford me the greatest pleasure I am capable of; I feel much desire of doing it, and much difficulty attending it. My engagements are already such as seem imperiously to forbid my enlarging them; if, however, I can possibly snatch a Sabbath before the winter, I certainly will avail myself of the opportunity of coming once more to Leeds. I am truly sorry to hear you are still so severely afflicted with the asthma. I still indulge the hope that a life so useful and so beloved will be spared some years. If I find it impossible to come this summer, you may fully depend on my doing so early next spring. Whenever I come, pray, my dear friend, let me have more of your company, and of Mrs. Langdon's, in the private domestic circle. Your house, the last time, was like an inn; and my comfort was greatly diminished by the incessant presence of a set of young men more forward than discreet, which allowed me no respite, and little or no very confidential intercourse with my dearest friends. I know the cause of this. It is the difficulty your benevolent heart feels in withholding any sort of gratification. But when I come to Leeds I come to see my dear friends the Langdons, and there is nothing I like less than the constant presence of a set of prating, inquisitive young men. But *verbum sat*, &c. Pray excuse the liberty I have taken. If I can possibly snatch a Sabbath during any part of the summer or autumn, I will let you know in time. I have absolutely declined coming to Bradford at the annual meeting. It immediately interferes with a previous engagement; nor am I fond of the parade of anniversary societies. Mrs. Hall and my family, who are, through mercy, well, beg to be most affectionately remembered to dear Mrs. L., yourself, and family.—I am, my dear friend, your affectionate brother, R. HALL."

TO THE SAME.

"20th *July*, 1822.

"My dear Friend,—I thank you very sincerely for your kind letter, accompanying some copies of your excellent sermon for your dear daughter. The sermon is such as might be expected from such a parent; it is a beautiful effusion of parental tenderness and Christian piety, worthy of the occasion and the subject. I doubt not that the remembrance of so much excellence and filial piety, extinguished by death, often opens the sluices of sorrow afresh, and renews the grief which the operation of Christian principle combined with time is calculated to soften. I feel much, very much, for you and dear Mrs. Langdon. My ardent prayer, often renewed at a throne of grace, is, that you both may be supported under this heavy visitation.

"It pains me much to think of the time that will probably elapse ere I shall see you again, but I still indulge a strong hope of renewing that pleasure. I feel as sensibly as you can the pain arising from the thought of not visiting Leeds this summer, and nothing but a sense of propriety prevents me from taking that journey. * * I am engaged at Nottingham on the second Lord's day in August. Could we not contrive to spend a day or two, or even perhaps three, at some intermediate place between Nottingham and Leeds—Chesterfield, for example? If you are acquainted in any considerable degree with Mr. Smith, of that town, ironfounder, it might be accomplished, provided you could bear to take the journey between Leeds and that place. What think you of it? Would such an arrangement suit you? Would it be acceptable to Mr. Smith? If you approve of this suggestion, I beg you will be so good as to write me on it without delay. My family, through mercy, are tolerably well. Mrs. Hall unites with me in most affectionate regards to you and Mrs. Langdon. I beg to be most affectionately remembered to her and to all inquiring friends.—I am, my dearest friend, your affectionate brother, R. Hall."

TO THE SAME.

"21*st October*, 1809.

"My dear Friend,—I am now at Liverpool, where I purpose to stay till Thursday morning. Next Monday I am engaged to go to Rochdale, with the hope of meeting Mr. Fawcett; and if you could possibly give me the meeting it would greatly add to my pleasure. My return to Leicester is fixed for next week, so that it will be quite out of my power to see Leeds at this time. I am truly concerned to hear of your domestic affliction; the trial of the loss of children is certainly one of the severest that can be endured. The circumstance of my being a father gives me quite new ideas and feelings on the subject. May the Lord greatly sanctify these privations and sustain your spirit by his almighty aid. I wish much to see you; do, if it be possible, let me have the pleasure of seeing you at Rochdale. Please to make my kind remembrances to Mrs. Langdon.—I remain, my dear sir, your affectionate brother, R. Hall."

TO THE SAME.

"*June 29th*, SHELFORD.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind letter, and the sermons enclosed, which I have read with much pleasure. I most sincerely wish well to the Institution for which you plead, and should be happy, were it in my power, to do anything to promote it. Our friends at Cambridge have lately subscribed to the Bristol Education Society, so that I am afraid it will not be in my power to do anything to procure any aid to the infant institution in my own congregation. As to my preaching on the occasion, I cannot perceive any material benefit likely to result from it, were it in my power, but I am so situated that I cannot. I am engaged to preach at Birmingham on the 15th of July. Had I known sooner of the wishes of my Yorkshire friends, I think I should have strained a point to gratify them. When shall we have the pleasure of seeing you at Shelford? I have now a house, and a quiet street, where it will give me very high satisfaction to see Mr. and Mrs. Langdon.—I am, my dear friend, yours affectionately,

R. HALL."

TO THE SAME.

"*June 25th.*

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you very sincerely for your very kind invitation to Leeds, and am most happy to find your health is so much restored. Mr. Rawson gratified me much by informing me that you stood the last winter rather better than usual, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the season, whence I am induced to hope that your constitution is improved, and that with requisite care and attention you will yet be spared some, I hope many, years.

"I certainly expressed to Mr. Rawson some expectation of visiting Leeds this summer, and had then some thoughts of going on to Newcastle to preach for the mission, where I have been often solicited. But I find that Mrs. Angas, who is my only friend there, is not only absent on a journey to her friends in the south and west of England, but is likely to continue so the whole of the summer till after September. It would be very painful to me to visit Newcastle while she was from home, and the season will be so far advanced before her return, as to render the prosecution of so long a journey anything but inviting. With respect to Leeds, also, as you have already made two collections for the mission during the year, I do not see how I could with any propriety solicit your friends again upon that subject. On these accounts I think it will be advisable to postpone my visit to Leeds this season, and, God willing, pay you and my friends at Leeds, whom I most highly esteem, a visit pretty early in the next spring; and, as your health is so much restored, I hope we may flatter ourselves, without presumption, with the prospect of enjoying an interview at that season. I have not been to several places which have some claims upon me, for several, I may say, for many years; I must, therefore, I am of opinion, decline the pleasure of seeing you this summer, gratifying as such opportunities ever are. I sympathize, my dear friend, deeply in all your trials, particularly in the recent heavy one in the removal of your dear and excellent daughter. I am distressed when I

think of the grief it must have occasioned to dear Mrs. L.; but the Lord is all-sufficient; and it is my earnest and frequent prayer that you may both be supported under it, and that all may work for your spiritual good. I beg to be most affectionately remembered to dear Mrs. L. and family, and to all friends as if named. Farewell, my dear, dear friend.—From yours most affectionately,

R. HALL.

"P.S.—I beg to be most affectionately remembered to Mr. John Luccock, and thank him for his very kind and friendly letter."

TO THE CHURCH IN BROADMEAD.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN,—I take this opportunity of informing you that I am come to a determination of leaving you. The reasons of this my resolution I do not think it necessary to detail, further than in general to remark that my opinions upon some points of religious and moral speculation are different from those possessed by this society, and that I wish to be connected with a congregation in which I shall meet with sentiments more congenial with my own, and where I shall not be in danger of falling into the arts of collusion, or of incurring the vexations of honesty. I have always endeavoured to avoid the mixing private passions with religious conduct. I cast no blame upon any, for I know of none that exists. Our sentiments do not depend upon our will, and there are many ill satisfied with my public ministry whom I highly esteem. Your personal attachment I have always valued, but I have never been elated with your applause; and now that I see a propriety in a separation, I do not feel myself at all dejected, degraded, or displeased by the disapprobation of any of you. For my conduct in the ministry, I make no apology. I have adopted that strain of preaching and selected those topics which I thought most conducive to your good, forming my own opinions without fear or control, and commending myself to every man's conscience as in the sight of God. The calm recollection of this is my only support, and I want no other. I hope none of you will suspect that your worthy pastor has influenced my determination by any improper interference of his, when I assure you that his friendship for me has continued through every vicissitude unshaken, and that his conduct in particular in this business not only meets my approbation, but merits my applause. I hope my separation from you will be followed by many happy and no unpleasing consequences—that you may be furnished with a successor in whom you may more cordially unite, and that a society hitherto so respectable and harmonious may continue to enjoy to a distant period, unmolested by the animosities of parties, the blessings of religion and the consolations of peace. These are the prayers of your brother in the Lord,

"GLOUCESTER STREET, *November* 11*th*, 1790." "ROBERT HALL.

TO THE REV. DR. NEWMAN.

"WITH respect to your inquiry respecting the doctorate, I have little to say more than this, that it does appear to me to militate directly "*March*, 1818.

against our Saviour's prohibition. The term Rabbi, by the consent of Dr. Campbell and the best critics, coincides as nearly as possible with the modern term Doctor. It was a religious degree of honour, conferred by their theological schools to denote a pre-eminence of spiritual wisdom, and if it has not this import (or rather if the D.D. has not), I am at a loss to know what it means; nor can I conceive in what manner our Lord, supposing it had been his acknowledged intention to have forbidden it, could have done it more effectually, consistently with the genius of the language in which he spoke. Though I am fully convinced some who receive it are as remarkable for their humility as the obscurest of their brethren, and I might adduce the instance of Dr. Ryland and Dr. Newman in proof of this assertion, yet it is naturally and intrinsically an aliment of vanity, and, no doubt, gratifies that passion in some; and on that account, as well as for the reason before mentioned, it appears to me abhorrent from the simplicity of the Gospel.

"It is an invention of barbarous, monkish ages, unknown, as you are well aware, to classic and Christian antiquity. It had its origin in the decline of knowledge, both civil and religious, and appears to me to possess a strong tincture of the barbarity of its origin. In my ears it would sound like a nickname, and I am truly concerned it was ever known that such a mark was upon me. I endeavoured to keep it as secret as possible. In addition to other considerations I might add, it has been bestowed with such a total want of discrimination, that it can never add an atom to the reputation of any man who deserves it. Neither you nor Dr. Ryland will derive the smallest degree of celebrity from it; your own merits would always render it unnecessary. In short, my pride would concur with better reasons for inducing me to reject it.

"I hope, my dear sir, you will excuse the liberty I have used in explaining myself on this subject, assuring you that my high esteem for you is by no means diminished by this slight difference of opinion, nor by another of much greater importance on the subject of communion. You will greatly oblige me by keeping the fact of my diploma as secret as possible. With ardent wishes for your happiness, I am, your affectionate brother, ROBERT HALL."

"I CANNOT AFFORD IT!"

It has been asserted, if I am not mistaken, by more than one popular writer, that a very large amount of moral courage is required for the utterance of these four words—"I cannot afford it!" Under certain circumstances, this may be true, but, in a vast number of cases, this expression is a sign of weakness. I shall illustrate this by a series of pictures, or rather sketches, from real life, not doubting that the moral thereof will be sufficiently obvious. Beginning far down in the social scale, I shall rise, step by step, to the modern Crœsus himself, —not because I imagine that any possessor of immoderate wealth will read these pages, but because in every rank are found men and women who deceive their neighbours and dishonour God, by the untruthful use of this simple phrase,—"I cannot afford it."

We have all, at some time in our lives, either in city or country, seen a wee child carrying laboriously—Heaven help her!—a burden half as large as herself, and by which her slight figure is almost overbalanced. It is simply baby carrying baby, and injuring itself irremediably by so doing. Never mind! The mother—industrious mis-manager!—is "out to work," and the boys are at school. What remains for Susy but the office of nurse? Ask her father when he comes home in the evening and he will tell you that there is no help for it, poor folk's children *must* begin early, and, while "mother" is away, the eldest girl takes her place. You suggest that the mother might stay at home and "mind" baby herself, and you see at once that you have overstepped the proprieties. Why, there is not a matron in the neighbourhood who does not admire the industrious woman who adds eight or nine shillings a week to her husband's wages! True, it would be a good thing to set Susy free to play and go to school, but, says the father with a sigh, "I'm a poor man, sir, and *I cannot afford it!*" He goes on to explain how the children would have no clothes at all if the wife's earnings were not forthcoming, and you turn away almost persuaded that it is by God's ordinance that little Susy has to stay away from school and carry baby. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the workman's wife, if at all capable of guiding the house, can save more by staying within than she can earn by going out. Money obtained or "saved" through these works of supererogation—if I may so call them—is not seldom unwisely spent. Ask the father if he can afford his pint of ale and his tobacco, and he will smile at the bare idea of doing without them. Ask the mother about her strong tea and other "comforts," and you will discover that she considers herself entitled to them, on account of her extraordinary labours. For the secret of the "I cannot afford it," which is now inflicting an injury so great upon their child, lies in the wilful blindness of the parents, and in their determination to afford, not what God directs, but what *they*—in their folly and waywardness—approve.

There is an evil which I have seen under the sun—it is that of an employer spending Sunday as a day of rest and religious enjoyment, while the people whom he employs are, at his bidding, engaged in toil for at least half the sacred day. Mr. Blank is a tradesman whose father, and *his* father before him, baked Sunday dinners for the public at a penny a dish, and the bad old custom has been continued to the present day. Hobbs, the journeyman, and Dobbs, the errand-boy, are at work on the first day of the week from early morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, and a hot, unwholesome seven or eight hours' work is theirs. About noon, just when the master, and such members of his family as have accompanied him to the house of God, are enjoying the best part of the sermon, people begin to fetch away their dinners. Let us look in upon them for a moment, and so learn to pity Hobbs and Dobbs, and the unhappy Miss Blank whose turn it is to stay at home and take the money. In the hot and crowded bakehouse, and around its open door and window, from thirty to forty women, in their working dress, are clamouring over questions of precedence, or—more exciting still—of property. What a voice is that of the virago yonder! Woe betide poor Hobbs if he has unwittingly given *her* dinner to another, or if—like the baker in Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison"—he has "shut out the pasty in shutting his oven"! When Dobbs is so hardened as to laugh at this woman's sins, he is sharply chidden by Miss Blank, who fears lest the shrewish dame should remove her custom, and go over to the enemy—that is to say, the rival baker. Poor Miss Blank will be faint and weary enough by the time this long hour closes! Amidst heat and noise, she thinks often of her father and sisters in their comfortable pew, standing up just now, perhaps, to sing—while she—ah, how unlike Sunday is this day for her, and for poor Hobbs, who, at two o'clock, brings her the keys! The pale journeyman never attends a place of

worship—notwithstanding his master gives him tracts almost without number. Having been up till midnight on the Saturday, he goes home to sleep until he is sufficiently refreshed to enjoy a walk,—ending, possibly, with a supper in a public-house. In the meantime, the Blanks, full of talk about the sermon, gather round their well-spread table and ask a blessing. In the course of the next half-hour, the father refers to the business of the morning, entering at length into the vexed question of Dobbs's misbehaviour and the absence of one or two well-known customers who, it is feared, have taken offence and gone over to the opposition. After this he bemoans himself a little about the "necessity" of this Sunday baking. Gladly, he remarks for the hundredth time to his daughters, most gladly would he give it up, but to do so would be to lose some of his best customers, and "I cannot afford it!" Ah, Mr. Blank! far better would it be for your children if they wore no costly raiment, and received from their father no wealth beyond his blessing, if by sacrificing these they could enable you to "afford" to set free the souls of your servants, and deliver your house from the plague-spot of Sunday trading!

"I cannot afford it!" is also a common phrase in the mouths of merchants, shopkeepers, and others who object to early closing, the Saturday half-holiday, and the annual fortnight in the country which is—or ought to be—regarded as part of the assistant's righteous due. Messrs. Grind and Graspit oppose "on principle" every attempt to shorten the hours of business. "It may be very natural for young people to desire it,"—this from Grind to the agent of the Early Closing Association,—"but, as employers, we protest against this childish longing for less work and more holidays." "My advice, sir, to our young men"—this from Graspit—"is,—stick to business, morning, noon, and night! That's the way to prosperity;" this last word meaning, in *his* vocabulary, neither more nor less than *dying rich*. For this empty bubble, the ambitious man of business will forego all those simple pleasures, all those sweet delights, which may be found in nature and in art, in the poet's song and the painter's magic pencil, in the laughter of children and the sunshine of a home in which God (not Gold) is a present deity. Truly "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition."

"We are quite aware that your services are worth more than we give you, and I assure you that we would gladly increase your salary, but—we cannot afford it!" says mamma to her children's governess, as she makes the usual quarterly payment. They are seated in a handsome drawing-room, upon a couch lately purchased at the cost of a sum twice as large as that for which Miss G. is now writing her receipt "with thanks." Look at dear mamma's beautiful dress, and contrast it with the well-worn and faded gingham of the lady—for she *is* a lady—who sits beside her. Would it not be wise and right to pay "unto all their due" before this luxurious furniture and these rich garments are procured? Is it honourable to call that ours which we obtain by means of a wrong practised on another? Because Miss G. loves your children, and dreads removal to a new sphere, are you therefore to take advantage of her devotion, and, pleading poverty, force her to serve you for an amount which you would be ashamed to name in the presence of that public at whose frown you tremble more, as it would seem, than at the reproving glance of the Most High? "Behold, the hire of your labourers, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth!"

Take another scene. In the court-yard of a debtor's prison a pale shabby-looking man is lounging wearily through the summer morning. Once the very personification of cheerful industry, he is now a broken-down and purposeless captive, caring for nothing, hoping for nothing, under the sun. Morning light

and evening shadow, Sundays and working days, song of bird and scent of flower, all are to him alike indifferent, for the soul that has ceased to hope is worse than dead. All this misery is the work of one stern creditor who "could not afford" to forgive a debt thoughtlessly, but not wickedly, contracted. No one can blame the poor prisoner more than he blames himself for having speculated and lost all,—but even *he* is angry with the rich man who has so roughly taken him by the throat, saying, "Pay me that thou owest!" and the bitter draught is not made less bitter by the consciousness that he hates him in return. I wonder, does the unforgiving creditor ever repeat a Pater Noster, or read the eighteenth chapter of Matthew? Methinks these can hardly be his favourites, any more than Matthew vi. 15.

Passing by other illustrations which our space will not permit us to notice, we draw back the shutter from a handsome plate-glass window, and look, uninvited, into the office of a "sharp practitioner,"—one who "cannot afford" to be an honest lawyer. See him contriving—not perhaps without some twinges of conscience—to appropriate to himself the lion's share of a disputed property, or to arrange matters so that some aged and doting client shall appoint him, to the prejudice of the nearest of kin, her "residuary legatee"! To get money is the object of his life, yet who more active in his denomination, or more outwardly religious, or more prompt, upon occasion, to give advice about the world to come and its awful realities? Should you venture to inquire why he does not act towards all men as he would have them act towards him, consulting the interest of his clients as much as his own, he will tell you that he would gladly bring his practice under the Gospel rule—but, unhappily, he "cannot afford it"! To maintain a good position as a man well-to-do in the world, to secure for his old age an income equal to his desires, and to bequeath a fortune to his son—these are objects which he will, on no consideration, put aside. What wonder, then, that he "cannot afford" to be that rare and costly thing—an honest lawyer! Who that has known such men would not pray for grace to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy? "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

In how many cases do our statesmen plead this vain excuse for a line of conduct in opposition to their principles! I believe this and that to be right, but my constituents must be cajoled, or my hopes of pension or preferment must not be risked. I should like to vote according to my conscience, but "I cannot afford it"! Miserable offender! he can afford to resist the voice within, and to offend against the God of Truth, but not to be honestly and openly firm in resisting wrong! With expediency for his guiding star, and "success in life" for his goal, he is hurrying onward, careless whether his Creator smile or frown. How unwise, in the opinion of such, was that great and good statesman from whose humble grave the civilized world has—so to speak—but now returned! To refuse place and purse at the bidding of his conscience, to spend and be spent in unobtrusive (and, in this world, comparatively unrewarded) efforts to do good to all mankind,—such is the sublime folly of men like Richard Cobden! The majority of our statesmen, however, "cannot afford it," for "they love the praise of men more than the praise of God." And—they have their reward!

"What is the use of being a millionaire?" is one of those questions which a child may ask, and a wise man strive in vain to answer. What *is* the use of it, after all? Are they happier, wiser, better than other men? Do they do more good, and are they more gentle and kind to the poor, than the rest of us? And if not, why do we think it such a grand thing to be worth one, two, three, four, millions of money? How the world laughs at these simple questions! Foolish child! cries one; a millionaire can give away his hundreds of thousands

at a time, and do immense good. Yes—but *does he?* For one man of enormous wealth who is willing thus to reduce his capital, there are at least five who respectfully decline the honour. As a proof of this, witness the surprise with which the gift of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to the poor of London was received some few years ago, in the United Kingdom. Few and far between are these noble deeds,—and why? Ask the majority of our rich men, and they will tell you that they "cannot afford it." To give up a hundred thousand pounds would be easy enough—a mere stroke of the pen would suffice, but to lose from the yearly income all the interest of that splendid sum, and to bequeath to the expectant heir so much less than was anticipated—these are things which require consideration! Of our superfluity of yearly income will we give, and in such proportion as to secure for ourselves a certain reputation for benevolence, but of our capital will we not be so imprudent as to sacrifice a single crown! It may be very well for Messrs. P., Q., and R., but *we* "cannot afford it"! It is under cover of this falsehood that so many rich men seek to hide themselves from the searching eye of Him who has said, "Go thy way, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven;" —but, for all that, he is not mocked, and "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Having thus given, according to promise, a few graduated illustrations of the misuse of the phrase which forms the title of this paper, I shall venture, in closing, to add certain hints which may apply, more or less, to every reader. "I would help, but really I cannot afford it," is an expression used often in every rank of life, as an excuse for not giving to the poor, at the very time in which some unnecessary expenditure in dress, or food, or furniture, is planned. Do we examine ourselves, in regard to this, so rigorously as we ought? Should we not always esteem it a privilege to deny ourselves for the sake of our once crucified Redeemer? Is it right to say that you cannot afford to help in this or the other work of his, when you are prepared to lavish on *yourself* a sum equal to that which he requires of you? Is it not possible that by the untruthful use of this phrase you may add to the sin of selfishness that of Ananias and Sapphira, who lied, not unto man, but unto the Holy Ghost? "Whiles it remained, was it not thine own?" Better far is it to say, "I will not give," than "I have given all and can no more," while yet "part of the price" is in your hand! Let us remember that the *love* of money is the root of all evil, and beware, lest, under cover of a mere excuse, we encourage in our souls that covetousness "which is idolatry." "If any man will come after me," said Christ, "*let him deny himself.*" If we all did *that*, we should be able to accomplish many a good work concerning which it has been our wont to plead "But I cannot afford it!"

Review.

The Voice of Jubilee: a Narrative of the Baptist Mission, Jamaica, from its Commencement; with Biographical Notices of its Fathers and Founders. By JOHN CLARK, W. DENDY, and J. M. PHILLIPPO, Baptist Missionaries. With an Introduction by DAVID J. EAST, Principal of the Native Collegiate Institution, Calabar, Jamaica. London: J. Snow.

THIS is a volume that will be received with interest by many readers. The Jamaica Mission is still so dear to us all, and the fifty years of its history have been altogether so remarkable, that a narrative and memorial from brethren so competent to produce it as the writers of this volume, will be acceptable to every Baptist, and to many out of our own denomination. We do not propose to criticise a book that presents so little subject for criticism; but rather to cull from it a few extracts, which will indicate to the reader what he may expect when he procures the book itself.

The "Introductory Discourse," by the Rev. D. J. East, is one of great value. It deals with the magnitude of the work accomplished, and with the lessons to be learnt from the history of the past. The following is on

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE WORK ACCOMPLISHED IN FIFTY YEARS.

"But yet, once more, how great the work which the past fifty years have accomplished in connexion with the Baptist and other missions in this land!

"1. *Change in Social Morals.*—Fifty years ago Jamaica was, with very limited exceptions, a very Sodom of iniquity. All classes were addicted to the most shameless profligacy. Marriage, in many districts, was hardly known, and on some estates was absolutely prohibited. We have much to mourn over still; but how great the social change which has come over the land! Now, concubinage, amongst what are called the respectable classes, is becoming branded as dishonourable, and marriage is becoming the rule, while family ties and the hallowed associations of home are inducing an improved social morality in other respects.

"2. *Abolition of Slavery.*—Fifty years ago 300,000 out of 350,000 of the population were down-trodden and oppressed under the iron foot of slavery, and men and women were driven to the field, and forced to their unrequited tasks like beasts of burden, and often flogged and tortured with relentless cruelty on the most frivolous pretences. Now, for six-and-twenty years, the boon of liberty has been enjoyed, so that four-fifths of our present population can say they were never in bondage to any man.

"3. *Evangelization.*—Fifty years ago, the masses of the people were sunk in the grossest abominations of African superstition; to the great majority of them there were no Bibles, no Sabbaths, no schools, and some of the professed ministers of religion were among the most profligate and abandoned of the community. How changed the state of things now! We have superstition, and ignorance, and irreligion enough still, but, blessed be God! we have no longer a heathen community. Too many profane God's holy day in idleness, and sloth, and dissipation; and very many keep Sabbath only once in fourteen, instead of once in seven days. But now the Christian Sabbath is an institution everywhere acknowledged, and more or less scrupulously observed. Places of Christian worship occupy not only our towns, but lift up their heads in almost every mountain village and district of the land; so that the public means of grace are brought within reach of nearly the whole population; and every Christian denomination has a goodly band of faithful, hard-working, godly ministers, who watch for souls, as those who must give account unto God. Jamaica is not a paradise; its inhabitants are not angels; iniquity still abounds; the love of many waxes cold; and many walk—of whom your pastors tell you often, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ. But, we bless God, Jamaica is not what she once was—a slave-cursed sink of abominations.

"4. *Planting of Christian Churches—Native Ministry.*—Fifty years ago, it is to be feared that in some parts you might have searched in vain for a single God-fearing, praying Christian man. What is the case now? Why, to say nothing of other Christian denominations, there are now in connexion with our own mission upwards of seventy regularly-organized Christian churches, comprising more than 30,000 members, presided over by one-and-forty Christian pastors, of whom nineteen are men of your own clime, whom God has raised up amongst yourselves, and counted faithful, putting them into the ministry. No doubt, among these 30,000 church-members there are large numbers who have a name to live while they are dead. But, making every allowance for a nominal or a hypocritical profession, we believe there is a glorious company, whose hearts have been renewed by the grace of God, and over whom we

may rejoice as new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"5. *The Multitudes gone to Heaven.*—And who shall say how many, during the past fifty years, have passed away from the church militant in this land to the church triumphant in heaven? Oh, we are sure that from the churches of Christ in Jamaica there is even now a goodly fellowship, who, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, appear pure and spotless before the throne of God; and of these, some, as faithful witnesses, having sealed their testimony to the truth with their blood, are honoured to wear the martyr's crown. Truly, brethren, in the review of the past fifty years, we may wonderingly exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' And as gratefully add, 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.'"

The "Narrative," by the Rev. John Clark, is one of thrilling interest. Every page is worthy of quotation. The following extract gives an account of the welcome given in Jamaica to Messrs. Knibb and Burchell after their visit to England in 1834:—

THE WELCOME TO KNIBB AND BURCHELL.

"In the island of Jamaica, the 1st of August, 1834, was spent in holy joy. There was neither drunken nor uproarious mirth, but devout gatherings in the sanctuaries of God, from whence songs of praise and thanksgiving ascended to him who had pitied the people in their wretchedness, and had mercifully interposed in their behalf. Mr. Abbott wrote from Montego Bay,—'I never witnessed, nor did I two years since think I should live to witness, a scene similar to that which I beheld here on the 1st of August. The chapel, the yard, and the streets around were crowded to excess.' Mr. Dendy said that 'at Falmouth the chapel could not hold one-third of the congregation; every countenance beamed with joy, and every heart was filled with gladness.' Mr. Gardner, in Kingston, Mr. Phillippo, in Spanish Town, and other missionaries, bore similar testimony to the greatness of the multitude assembled, the order that universally prevailed, the joyful thanksgivings, and the fervent prayers of the people on that memorable day.

"The following Sabbath was such a one as Jamaica had never seen before. The Sunday market was given up; the congregations far exceeded those of the previous Friday; the word preached appeared to be attended with power from on high. Ministers and people could only say, 'What hath God wrought!'

"On the 25th of October, Mr. Knibb and his family arrived at Port Maria. As soon as the boat could be made seaworthy, they embarked for Rio Bueno, which they reached the same evening. 'On reaching this lovely little bay,' wrote Mr. Knibb, 'the first object that attracted our attention was the ruins of the chapel in which I had many times proclaimed the words of eternal life. The person who set fire to the chapel is beneath the clods of the valley. Shortly after he left his home for a ride, and was missed for two days, when by a negro he was accidentally discovered hanging between two rocks, quite *mad*. He was immediately carried home, but died in the same state. The people saw me as I stood on the deck of the boat. As I neared the shore, I waved my hand, when, being fully assured it was the minister, they ran from every part of the bay to the wharf. Some pushed off in a canoe, into which I got with my family, and soon landed on the beach. We were nearly pushed into the sea by kindness. Mrs. Knibb was quite overcome. They took me up in their arms, they sang, they laughed, they wept, and I wept too. "Him come, him come for true!" On they rushed to the chapel, where we knelt together at the throne of mercy. On the following morning we started by land for Falmouth. As I entered I could scarcely contain my feelings, nor can I now. I was and am completely overcome. They stood; they looked. "It him, it him for true; but see how him stand, he make two of what him was when him left." Soon the news spread, and from twenty to twenty-five miles distant they came. In the evening we held a prayer-meeting; the chapel was crowded. As I set my foot on the threshold, they struck up quite unexpectedly—

"'Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive.'"

"In the course of the following month, Mr. Burchell and his family arrived in Kingston. They proceeded as speedily as possible to Montego Bay. 'When we were three miles distant from the town,' wrote Mr. Burchell, 'we had to pull up to shake hands with some who had come to meet us. As we proceeded onwards the number and the frequency of the groups increased. It was almost more than we could bear. The poor people looked at us as though they could scarcely believe their own eyes, and then they clasped their hands, blessed God, and burst into tears. When we entered the town a crowd of recollections rushed upon my mind, as I looked upon the spot where the *Blanche* was anchored when I was first taken prisoner; but my attention was soon roused from reflection. As we proceeded into the town, the doors and windows became crowded, and many were the congratulations of our former friends; some expressed their feelings by their remarks, some waved their handkerchiefs, and others their hats. As we entered the centre of the town we were recognised by one who had been a very staunch friend in our difficulties; he took off his hat and greeted us most cordially. This excited the attention of the negroes in the market, and one of them recognising us, exclaimed, "Bless God, and him come for true." "Massa Burchell, him

come for true!" Others now joined him, and began clapping their hands, when the whole multitude, consisting of three or four thousand, waved their hands and hats, set up their shouts, and made the whole town resound with their thundering hurras. I now endeavoured to pass on to our house, but the negroes, leaving their baskets and the market, followed us. When we alighted, they crowded round me, some taking one hand, some the other, some threw themselves on the ground. Indeed, the whole scene which followed was such that I cannot describe.

"'The whole day was spent in receiving the congratulations of the people. Many threw themselves at my feet, and wept aloud. Some looked at me and then said, "Hi, massa, and is it you for true; and you for me, Massa Burchell; and me see you with me own eye?" After speaking to a party and shaking hands, I was compelled to request them to give place to others, when one said, "No, massa, me no go; me no able to believe yet. And is it Massa Burchell for true?" Another said, "Now, massa, we know that God him true, him hear for me prayer, but him take him own time, and him work him own way, but him do everything quite good." One poor afflicted negress came down from the country the next Saturday, and when she saw me, looking on me as the tears rolled down her face, she said, "Massa, me hear you come, and me hungry to see you; and merely for to see you me take two day for walk for see you, and now me believe. God him too good, me now willing to die, for now me know me God him true." The following day, November 23rd, I again commenced my labours among my poor, but dear people. There were at least 4,000 persons present. I preached out of doors. On Sunday, November 30th, the attendance was still greater. At one prayer-meeting, at six o'clock in the morning, there were full 2,900 present, and at ten o'clock not less than 5,000.'"

The following is on

THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1838.

"When the evening of the 31st July arrived, and the last stroke of slave-labour had been given, as the people retired from work they joyfully congratulated each other, 'Thank God! freedom has come at last.' After dressing themselves in their best, tens of thousands set off to their places of worship.

"The sanctuaries were crowded; grateful hymns of praise and fervent thanksgivings ascended to him who had pitied them in their degradation and misery. At Falmouth devotional exercises were continued till within a few minutes of twelve o'clock, when, after a short silence, Mr. Knibb addressed the vast assembly. Every eye glistened; every bosom heaved with emotion. As the clock struck, he begged the congregation to listen. 'The hour is at hand,' he said; 'the monster is dying!' At the twelfth peal vibrated, he exclaimed, 'The monster is dead! The negro is free! Three cheers for the Queen!' and the people rose up and broke into one loud and long-continued burst of exultation and joy. 'Never,' wrote Knibb, 'did I hear such a sound! the winds of freedom appeared to have been let loose. The very building shook at the strange, yet sacred joy. Oh! had my boy—my lovely, slavery-hating boy, been there! Alas! he was sleeping undisturbed in the yard, nor could the sweet sounds he so much loved wake him from his rest. God has, however, given me another son, a little infant just twelve months old. He was there, and he awoke at the sound. I took him into the pulpit, and he appeared to enjoy the enchanting scene.' Early the next morning a large assemblage of persons collected near the mission-house, when a coffin containing a chain, handcuffs, iron collar, &c., was buried in the earth, while the people sang—

"'Now, Slavery, we lay thy vile form in the dust,
And buried for ever there let it remain;
And rotted and covered with infamy's rust
Be every man-whip, and fetter, and chain.'

The flag of freedom was then hoisted, trees of liberty were planted, and three hearty cheers were given.

"At Montego Bay the first service commenced an hour before the sun set for the last time on slavery, and was continued for an hour after. The evening wore silently away, and at length the long-waited-for moment arrived.

"While the clock was striking the midnight hour, the most breathless interest was evinced by the populace, who filled the streets, and who counted each for himself the successive strokes. At length the last vibrated on the ear, and emotion could be suppressed no longer. The joy of the new-born freedom uttered its wild cry of triumph, signal-guns were fired, rockets rose with meteor-like splendour into the sky, and the church bells rang out the funeral knell of slavery. At three o'clock thousands filled the Baptist chapel, and made its walls echo to their songs of grateful praise.

"At Brown's Town, after singing and prayer, a brief account of the rise and fall of West Indian slavery was given. Just before the midnight hour, the large congregation knelt down, and in solemn silence implored the blessing of God on the freedom they anticipated. A few minutes after twelve all arose and lifted up their voices in a song of lofty praise to him who had broken their chains. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was then observed by the members of the church, in commemoration of their redemption from the slavery and curse of sin.

"At Spanish Town about 7,000 persons assembled, on the day of freedom, in and about the Baptist chapel, and, accompanied by 2,000 of the school-children, with flags and banners, walked in procession to the King's house, headed by their pastor. His Excellency Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor, addressed them in a speech characterized by much simplicity, affection, and energy, and was greeted with reiterated and enthusiastic cheering, being justly regarded by the people as their friend and benefactor.

"Religious services were held throughout the island; festivities were continued for several days at the various mission-stations. The most perfect order was everywhere observed; not a sign of drunkenness or debauchery was to be seen. 'There was joy without riot, triumph without reproach, multitude without confusion, while religion assumed the undisputed precedency over the soul-exhilarating scenes.'

"The people brought their grateful offerings, to the amount of several thousand pounds, to the courts of the Lord's house, to clear off the debts on their chapels, to enlarge and build others, to establish schools, and to send the Gospel to distant lands."

Of the interesting "Biographical Notices," by the Rev. Walter Dendy, and the masterly "Argument and Appeal for Christian Missions," by the Rev. J. M. Phillippo, we have not left ourselves room to speak. We may, perhaps, furnish extracts from them in another number.

Christian Cabinet.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

I WILL read an extract from a letter which I have received from a young woman, and a mother, whose children have all been gathered into the bosom of the Father:—

"I am too agonised to speak contentedly. I try to pray to be reconciled, and know it is right for my darling to be taken from me to live with God; but my poor frame can scarcely bear the loss of the best part of my soul. Four babies, all gone! I have had my thoughts connected with my boy's heavenly home, the brightest of which has been that if I were to meet him he would know me, and that I would be drawn nearer to him than to other little ones around the throne. It is my dream of happiness. Kind friends have been telling me that I am comforting myself uselessly, because in heaven we will not know our own darlings from those that are strangers to us here. It is a horrible thought to me. Heaven is happiness; and how can that be without we have our own treasures? I cannot pray or think as I ought. My dear Mr. Beecher, I come to *you* for help."

I cannot say that I think they *were* kind friends. Without doubt they meant well; but it was very heedless and useless intermeddling, even if they had been right. It is true that there are many erroneous views that a man might entertain, which would be intimately connected with his character, and with his conduct, and which it would be to the last degree important to correct; but there are many views that may be called *births of the imagination*, for which the Bible has made the most bountiful provision, and which do not touch the character or the motives, but which are a pleasure or a help. It is not needful to touch such questions. Thus, for example, to believe that our children will know us in heaven is a great solace, an unspeakable comfort, here; and if it were literally a fact that they would not know us there, I would not tell it to a parent distressed. For, on the supposition that it is so, it is one of those pleasing convictions, one of those births of the imagination, forged because the soul needs some such help; and it would be perfectly innocent of any mischievous effect, and at the same time it would be very fruitful of comforting influences.

If your child was filling its little mind with pictures of the pleasure that it was going to have in visiting grandpa, would you, if you knew that the child would have nothing to put in place of those pictures, spoil them or take them away, and leave it utterly void of that which had given it so much joy? Suppose it *had* imagined it all, and it *would* be disappointed; it would be time enough for it to find out its mistake when it got to grandpa's. Meanwhile its little pictures would stand in the place of truth.

If you take away from us all the half-truths, and all the truths which we see as trees walking, or, according to the apostle's view in the thirteenth of 1st Corinthians, which we know but in part, and which we shall only know in full when that which is perfect is come; if you take away from us all fragmentary truths, you take away from us some of the most refreshing of Christian influences.

But how is it with this matter? Is there any teaching on the subject in

the Old Testament? None; because the Old Testament does not deal with the doctrine of the future. Is there anything about it in the New Testament, where life and immortality are propounded and brought to light? If so, what is it? Is it explicitly taught in the New Testament that we shall know each other in heaven? I do not recollect seeing there any explicit teaching on the subject. But I think your reading and memory will go with mine when I assert that it is the assumption and the implication of the New Testament, all the way through, that friends will know each other in heaven. It takes it for granted. And though there is no direct enunciation of the fact, you cannot account for the mode of statement in the New Testament upon any other theory than that. We are to remember that the question of the future state and its conditions is not a question of modern times; that it was peculiarly a question of the times in which Christ lived. The religious part of the Jewish nation were divided into two sections—the Sadducees, denying that there was any future state, and the Pharisees, holding the old orthodox doctrine that there was. They were at swords' points; and that question of the reality of the future state was up before the mind.

Our Saviour, in discoursing on that subject with parents and their children round about him, never let drop any single word that can by any perversity be tortured into such a statement as that we shall not know our children, or each other, in the other life. On the other hand, it is assumed, all the way through, in his instructions, and particularly those of the apostles, that we shall know each other beyond this world; where, for instance, Christ himself rehearses the names of the patriarchs—of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; where, when he was prefiguring himself, Moses and Elias appeared so manifestly that the disciples knew it to be them; where there is the enumeration of the various Hebrew worthies that had been prominent in the Jewish nation down to that time; and where the apostle says: "We are surrounded by these clouds of witnesses," after having mentioned them individually, one by one. Now, if the theory had been that a person at dying goes into an undistinguishable throng, without name or personality, how should there be such an inference as is found there, appealing to the strongest feeling of the Jewish mind—its nationality? We find abundant intimations in the New Testament that heaven is not filled with nameless and insipid spirits, and that men carry with them into the other life the individualities which belong to them upon earth.

This is but a sketch of the pointings toward the fact in the New Testament.

Now look at it in another way. What is the training of the mortal life for, if it is to be obliterated at death? What does the coming of Christ into the world amount to, if there is to be such a change at death that men will not know each other when they meet above? If we carry out of this life none of the characteristics which we form here, what is the nature and drift of all this supernatural system of education through which we are passing?

There can be no doubt that there will be great changes at death. When we drop the body, matter is done with. After that, we are to have spiritual bodies. We can scarcely conceive of such a state as that which awaits us. We understand it better by negatives than by positives. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." As to what a spiritual body is, we can form no distinct conception whatever. We shall doubtless leave behind us many of those passions whose functions seem to be the nourishment of our physical life. We shall doubtless leave behind us many of those faculties which inhere in the mind, and which build it up rather in its physical connexions than in its immortal and spiritual entity.

When one ear of corn grows, it grows with a stalk; but it is none the less a recognizable ear of corn if you break it off from that stalk. For the purposes of growing, it is necessary that there should be a great deal of silk; but that silk dries up and perishes, and leaves the corn intact. It is needful that there should be a husk to protect and nourish the corn, and supply it with juices; but when the husk is taken off, the ear of corn remains. And there is a cob which is indispensable to the life of the kernel during its growing and maturity, from

which, the moment it is matured, you may shell the corn, without injuring the corn. You have taken away the conditions that were essential to the ripening of the corn, but you have not changed the corn a particle.

Now I can conceive that all that which belongs to the bodily organization we shall leave in this world at death; but the reason, the moral sentiments, the imagination, the finer tastes and affections, that belong not to our earthly condition especially, but that receive their training here—all these emerge into the light of heaven.

Then, in the next place, to have left it so that we should not know each other in the other life, but should roll together like drops of water in the ocean, or mingle like rain-drops in the sky, unknown and unknowing, would have been cruel indeed. For if there be anything in the world that helps us more than another to get the conception of heaven, it is our domestic affections. You will take notice that now and then there is a nature that lives almost entirely by ideality, and that has a poetic realization of heaven; but that is not the case with many. With the ordinary average of persons, when they begin to think of heaven, it is vague, distant, measureless, and almost tenantless. They believe that it is populated, but they have no realization of the fact. As they grow older a little brother or sister dies. The moment the child feels that a dear friend has gone to return no more, it experiences a dreadful shock. It was so with me. My little brother Frederic died. His death was the first that made a strong impression upon me; and to see him sick, to see him put into the coffin, to follow him to the grave, and to see him buried—it subsoiled my soul, it ploughed it to the bottom. And I instantly began to feel an immense working within me—for I had now something to work on. When I heard persons say "angel," I did not know what it was. It might be humming-bird, or swallow, or something else. I had seen so many pictures of angels that I had enough to choose from; but it was something fugacious and thin. When, however, my brother Frederic died, and they told me that he had gone to heaven, there was one thing there that I could understand, and that was Fred. I was a little boy then.

The next person whose death made a strong impression upon me was the son of Seth Beers, and a playmate of mine. I remember how every stroke of the bell was like a javelin thrown at me. I recollect how my little stock in heaven increased after his departure. I can almost trace the population of the future home in my thought by the advent there of those that I had known on earth, until, by one, and another, and another, and with growing years, with a larger knowledge of Scripture teaching, and with reflection, heaven began to stand out very distinct, and to be a reality to me. And in all my ministry I have attempted to help others as I have been helped; to enable them to realize distinctly the condition of heaven, and to follow thither in their thoughts those who have preceded them, and gone out from this earthly struggle.

Now, if the doctrine is to be admitted—which is not taught anywhere, which is not implied anywhere, which is contrary to the philosophy of the mind, and which is not in accordance with the analogy of God's government in this world—that we shall not know our own in the heavenly state, it destroys that by which we begin to make heaven plain to us. It takes it all away. I can imagine a set of philosophers that would think better of heaven for taking away from it everything that makes it human; but, in the best sense of the term, you cannot make heaven too human. We have to reason of the heavenly state from our own experience. We are carefully to avoid drawing our experience from our physical life, our lower faculties, our appetites; but if we take our understanding, our affections, our moral sentiments, it is fair to reason from these to the heavenly state. If we take our human side in that which is divine and noble, I think we shall not be in any great danger of pernicious mistakes in reasoning from it to the heavenly state.

As for myself, when I go to heaven, I not only expect to know my own children, but I believe that in that choral throng of which the apostle speaks so wondrously, declaring that if we keep the commandments there shall be administered to us an exceedingly abundant entrance—by which is meant

a processional, chanting reception, such as is granted to a person on his return from serving his country, when the multitudes, accompanied by bands of music, flock out to meet him, and escort him into the city with triumph—I believe that in that choral throng will be my children, some of you, and many of the members of my congregation. And when I enter the heavenly gate, I not only expect to know as I am known, but I expect to be able to say, "Where is Paul?" and to be told, "There he is." I shall see him, and I shall see Isaiah and Moses. I shall see every one of the heroic names that have figured in the Old and New Testaments, besides all modern eminent Christians.

I say, then, in answer to this piteous mother's letter, I cannot think that those persons were kind friends, as she calls them, who told her that she could not hope to know her babes in heaven. I cannot think that they were themselves parents; or, if they were, I cannot think that they had lost a child. I have heard people talk that had no children; and I have heard people talk that had never lost any children; but there is an unmistakable initiation into a new life, and a new lore, when parents have given up in death their dearly beloved. It teaches them a wisdom that outsiders know nothing of. And I think that, if these persons had sent their children home to heaven, they would not have pushed the cup of consolation from the hand of this mourning mother, by telling her that her children would be undistinguishable in the vast heavenly throng for ever. She will know them, and they will know her.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter, Margery, when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky House of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those rival queens of the east and west, but out of the common track of traffic and travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish, of small and rather backward farms.

Among its peaceful and industrious population there was one dame who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood, in her own esteem, above all but the laird and the minister; and her style and title was Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm left her by the good man who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few, and they consisted of half-reclaimed moorland—not on her grown-up son, Robin, though he was counted a likely and sensible lad—not on her own thrifty housekeeping, though it was known to be on the tight-screw principle—but the possession of a dozen silver spoons. Her account of them was that they had belonged to the Young Chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather in return for entertaining that claimant to the British crown on his march from Culloden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half-obliterated crest, and the initials "C. S." with which they were marked. The widow's neighbours, however, had a different tale to tell regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill-doing laird for three gallons of Highland whisky, and bestowed them on his granddaughter, as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of helper, one Nancy Campbell, a girl about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the

widow as regards a match, until at last the following event occurred, and caused her to give way. About the hay-making time a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this superior relative honoured her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of those uncertain days which vary the northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and the two farm-men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half-scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay-field, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson.

Well, the kitchen-door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, hemmed, he saluted the cat which sat purring on the window-seat, and at length discovered there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humour. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the broth-pot boiling on the fire, the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with a pot-stick, and muttered "very thin." His proceeding with the latter must remain unmentioned; but, half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farm-house a mile off, the family were driven indoors by the increasing storm. They found everything as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window-seat, the whiting and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"Where's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire, drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. Some one had been in the house, they were certain, but nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm-house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding, and searching. Robin, Nancy, and the farm-men were despatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbours, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been spied from the hay-field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he eschewed Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed that Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance. Lost the spoons were, beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on: rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighbourhood were explored. The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirk-gate and market-place; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search-warrant for the beggar's meal-pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month wore away, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns, and magpies, to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands.

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It was true that Nancy had always borne an unquestionable character; but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgment, she, one day, plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been only inferior to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was then common to the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes, which might have employed the writers and magistrates, were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits or scandal prevented. The minister had heard—as who in Bathgate had not?—of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighbourhood, would come over on the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after the spoons. She put on her best *mutch*—that is to say, cap—prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbours to assist in the investigation. Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean-scoured kitchen, the minister, elders, and neighbours, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin, and the farm-men sitting by till their turn came; when the door, which had been left half open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"There's nae room for ye here, Geordy," said the widow; "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's of nae consequence. I only cam to speak aboot your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bouncing from her seat.

"I couldna miss, bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin'; and, what's better, I saw them," said Geordy.

"Saw them, Geordy? Whar are they? and here's a whole shillin' for ye;" and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slippit in ae day, and, seein' the siller unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body micht covet it, and jist laid it by, I may say, *amang the leaves o' that Bible*, thinkin' you wad be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly-displayed *but never opened Bible*, and, interspersed between its leaves, lay the dozen of long-sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbours laughed outright, when the deft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kent Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often, the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a luncheon of bread and cheese on account of this transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb, even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice.

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

WHERE TO LEAVE OUR TROUBLES.

As the angel of mercy flew over the earth at midnight, he saw so many forms of sorrow, heard so many groans of pain, listened to so many sighs of distress, that his heart was moved and saddened. He went and laid his sadness at the feet of Jesus on the throne.

"Go back," said the sweet voice; "Go back and visit each one of those sufferers, and see if they need suffer as they do."

Down again to the earth the swift angel flew, and now entered a small humble dwelling. He paused, and stood in the chamber door. On the bed lay a dying father. He was pale, and breathed with difficulty. On his breast lay *a great bundle*. It was evident it was very heavy, and very oppressive. He could not get it off. Presently the angel saw a hand close by the bed, holding a large sack in the shape of a human heart, and on it was written, "Cast in *all* thy cares, for he careth for thee." The writing was in letters of light, large and plain. The poor man put his trembling hand into the bundle and took out a handful, marked, "Anxieties for my poor wife." Slowly and tremblingly, he cast it in. Then he took another, marked, "Distress for my orphan children." He threw that also in, and his load was lighter. Once more he took up another parcel, marked, "O my aged father and mother!" Slowly he dropped it into the sack. Then he seemed to be frightened at what he had done, and tried to reach down and take back these several burdens. But, no! the hand withdrew the sack, and he could not take them back. Then his breathing became soft and easy, his face lit up with smiles, his heart beat with hope, and he died in peace and joy, "casting all his cares on him who cared for him."

Next the angel of mercy entered a magnificent dwelling. Softly they were treading upon the rich Turkey carpet; with velvet step and low breathing, they were gathering around the couch of a beautiful dying child. Near the little sufferer stood the mother, pale, tearless, wringing her hands in agony. Her child she knew must die—was dying. Slowly and gently the hand held up the heart-sack, and she read, "Cast all your cares upon him, for he careth for you." In a moment she threw in her sorrows, her griefs, and her agonies; but before she could feel relief, she suddenly stooped down and snatched them up again, and laid them on her own heart. A tender voice seemed to say, "Cast in, cast in, and thou shalt be comforted." But she would not. She said she *had* cast in all her cares, and wondered why she was not comforted. Poor weeper! She forgot that we must leave our cares with him as well as cast them upon him.

Again, the angel stood in the study of a minister of Christ. It was Sabbath evening, and the wearied man was thinking over the results of another day's sowing, and was crying to his Master, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? When will the harvest-day come?" The voice spoke to him, "Be not weary in well-doing. In due season you shall reap if you faint not."

And then he met the physician just entering his home, after seeing nearly forty patients since he last slept. He was worn down. There was an epidemic, and the community was filled with terror. What could he do? He had exhausted all his skill. Gently the hand held up the sack, and he saw written, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given to him. Cast all your cares on him."

Then the angel met a little child in the street, sobbing and in tears.

"What is the matter, little one?"

"Oh, I can't understand my lesson, and my teacher is not pleasant with me. I try hard, but I can't get it!"

In a moment the hand drew the sack up to the little one, and the voice bade him throw in his sobs and tears.

And the angel saw that in every instance when they cast in their cares, and *did not take them up again*, they

were all comforted and cheered. They could dry up their tears, and the smile followed the tear. But when they refused to cast them in, or were unwilling to let them remain after they *had* cast them in, there was no comfort; and the hand withdrew the sack and left the poor sufferer to his sorrows. And as the angel went back to the throne, he brought a loud thanking that there is *one place* large enough to hold all the sorrows of earth, if the poor sufferers would only cast them in and let them remain there.—*Rev. John Todd.*

TROW DAT COAT AWAY.

A poor negro slave in the West Indies was led, under the preaching of the Gospel, to feel himself a lost, undone sinner. He had been a very wicked man, drinking and swearing, and giving full vent to his vile passions; yet the same night in which he was convicted of sin he believed in Jesus, and found peace. His master was awakened under the same sermon; but as he had lived outwardly what men regard as a very good, moral life, his proud heart rejected the finished work of Christ, and set about trying to save himself. This went on for about a month, and the poor Pharisee was becoming more wretched, when he resolved to have a conversation with the happy negro, and the following, accordingly, took place:

"Sam, you are happy!"

"Yes, massa, I be," he said, with a face beaming with joy.

"Well, Sam," said the master, "I have come here this morning to find out what it is that makes you so happy. You know, Sam, you and I first began to think about God the same night, more than a month ago; and you, though you were such a bad fellow before, seemed to find peace at once, while I, who have always been what the world calls a good man, have been going on in darkness and sorrow ever since, and it seems to me I only grow worse. It is a great mystery, Sam, and I don't understand it."

"O, massa!" said the poor slave, "it aint no mystery at all to me, 'cause you see dat's the berry reason. Sam was such a bad fellow, and hab on such a dirty, ragged blanket, that when God called him he knew it wasn't fit to go 'fore God in, so he trew it right away, and den God put on him the robe of Christ's righteousness; and den, of course, when Sam had dat on he couldn't help being glad and full of peace. But massa hab on a real good coat, and he did not like to trow dat away, for he thought if it was fixed up a little it would do to go 'fore God; so when he sees a dirty spot he says, 'O, I'll wash dat!' and when he sees a hole he says, 'O, I'll patch dat!' and so he goes on, trying to make his old coat do; but it neber will, for God won't receive massa in dat coat, no matter how much he fix it up. But if massa will only trow dat coat away, and let God put de robe ob Christ's righteousness on him, den massa can go in 'fore God and not be 'fraid, but be happy like poor, bad Sam."

The slave paused, and looked at his master, as if to see the effects of this bold language. A smile broke over the master.

"You are right, Sam!" he exclaimed, as he grasped the rough black hand held out to him: "I have been trying to fix up my old coat, but, I thank God, I am done with it now. I'll have on the robe of Christ's righteousness as well as you, and I see that will bring me peace and joy. God bless you, Sam! you have taught me a precious truth."

A Page for the Young.

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.*

A LITTLE boy was once roving through a forest. It was night, and no moon was shining, and the trees were so thick and so covered with leaves, that even if the stars had been bright he could hardly have seen them. But the sky was black with clouds, and the wind was howling among the branches, and the poor child could

* From "The Lighted Way." Published by H. J. Troddder, London.

scarcely see his hand if he held it up before his face, it was so dark.

It was strange for a little boy, not yet ten years old, to be out in the wild woods alone, on such a stormy night, but poor Robbie had neither father nor mother in the wide world. His father had died only a little while before, but his mother he could not remember; he had been only a baby when she was taken from him. But she was a good woman, and loved the Saviour, and when she knew that she must die, and leave her poor baby in this wicked world, with no mother to love him or take care of him, she had him brought and laid beside her. Then, laying her trembling hands upon the head of the little one who knew nothing of the great loss he was going to meet with, she gave him solemnly to the Lord, and asked him to watch over her baby, and keep him from all the evil that is in the world.

"Be more than a mother to him, O gracious Saviour!" she prayed; "lead him safely through the wilderness of this world, as thou didst thine ancient people Israel; be his light and his salvation, O Lord, be his light,——" and even while she spoke, the light in her own eyes grew dim, her voice faltered, and her spirit returned to God who gave it.

So she died, and little Robbie was left a motherless, helpless baby. It is sad to have no mother; scarcely any one will care for, and love, and be patient with a little infant as a mother will; but Robbie's father was kind, and took all the care he could of him, and so the little boy grew up, year after year, to be his father's companion and comfort.

They were poor, and his father had to work hard all day, but in the evening he would sit down on the bench before the door in summer, or beside the fire in winter, and take Robbie on his knee, and talk to him about his mother, and tell him how she had prayed for him when she was dying. He would tell him, too, about the place from which he had come, a way off, miles across the country, and about his old mother, Robbie's grandmother, who was still living there, and whom he promised that he would, some day or other, take his little boy to see.

"When shall we go, father?" the little boy would ask, and the answer was, "As soon as you are able to walk so far, Robbie; it would cost more money to ride there than we have to spare."

But before Robbie was old enough to take so long a walk, the poor little boy came home one day from a ramble in the fields to find his kind father just being carried into his house by some men, quite dead. He had been thrown from a waggon he was driving, and his head had struck a stone. Now the poor child was indeed alone in the world, and for a while he could do nothing but cry and sob, for his father seemed to be the only friend he had, and he loved him dearly.

But, after the funeral, a kind neighbour took him to her house, and as he sat there in the corner, with his face in his hands, he heard them talk about him, and wonder what was to become of him. One said one thing, and another said another; but while they were still talking, Robbie surprised them all by lifting up his head and saying very decidedly, "I shall go to my grandmother!"

He had not thought of it before, poor boy! he had thought of nothing but his father; but now, when he heard them say he must be bound out, or go to the poorhouse, he remembered all that his father had told him about his grandmother, how kind she was, and how much she would love him; and he resolved to go to her.

Nothing that could be said would persuade him not to go; so at last the woman who had taken him told him if he thought he could find the way, he should go in the morning, if he would lie down and sleep that night. Robbie was sure that he could find the way, for his father had told him all about it so many times; he thought he knew every hill, every stream, and every wood that lay between him and his grandmother's home. So, comforted for the first time since his father's death, by the hope of soon seeing her, he lay down to sleep.

In the morning, as soon as he had had his breakfast, the neighbour tied up his little bundle, gave him some bread and meat, and a few pennies; and he started off to take his first journey in life, the journey which he had looked forward so joyously to taking with his father.

He had been travelling for three days, and was very tired, when he saw before him a village which he thought must be the one in which his grandmother lived, and he hurried forward, in the hope of soon seeing her. But he was sadly disappointed to find, on inquiring, that Townville was still several miles away. The sun was not very far from setting, and as he looked along the road which they told him he must take, and saw that not far beyond the village it seemed to enter a thick wood, his poor little heart failed him, and he felt as if he could not go any further.

But he had spent his last pennies in the morning for a loaf of bread, which, with some berries he had gathered by the way, had been his breakfast and his dinner. He knew he should be hungry enough in the morning, and should have nothing to eat; and then he thought of his grandmother, and the longing to see some one who would speak kindly to him and love him, was so strong that, though his feet ached with walking, he started bravely on again, hoping he might get through the wood before it was very dark.

As the sun went down, the wind began to rise, and the clouds to gather; and before he had reached the middle of the wood, it was very dark indeed, and he became bewildered and frightened. At last, still trying to push onward, he stumbled against the root of a tree and fell. He was not much hurt, but his strength and courage were all gone, and, instead of trying to get up again, he just laid his head down and cried. "I shall never get to grandmother's," he sobbed; "I can't go any further; it is so dark, I cannot find my way!"

He did not care so much for being tired and hungry, if he could only have kept on his journey, but it was so dark he could not tell which way to go. But, while he lay there moaning, and wishing it was light, the thought of his mother's dying prayer, of which his father had so often told him, came into his mind:—"Be his light and his salvation, O Lord! be his light." And, though he had never understood just what his mother meant, he felt now as if light was the one thing he most needed, and, getting upon his knees, he clasped his hands, and cried out aloud in his great trouble:—"Be my light and my salvation, O Lord! be my light!"

He hardly knew what he expected, poor little boy! but he knew what he wanted, and his father had often told him that God would hear and answer prayer. And no doubt God did listen to and take care of the poor orphan boy, who had no one else to help him, for, after a time, while Robbie was still praying, he thought he saw a light moving along among the trees. It was a good way off at first, but, as he watched it, it came nearer, and presently he heard a quick, heavy tread, and then a cheerful whistle. At that, poor Robbie, half afraid to speak before, took courage and called out for help.

"Hallo!" said a loud, pleasant voice, in reply; "who's there?"

"I've lost my way," said Robbie, pitifully, "and I'm all alone; and so tired!"

"I should think you were," said the man, who had turned out of the path he was following when Robbie called, and had got up to where he was. He turned the light of his lantern full upon the pale face and tearful eyes of the little boy, and saw that he was indeed tired and in trouble.

"Poor child," he said, compassionately; "how did you come to be here by yourself such a dark night?"

Robbie told his simple story in a few words, and when he had done, his friend said "poor child!" again, and dashed a tear from his eye.

"May I go with you, sir," asked the little boy, timidly, "till I get out of the wood? I can't see at all, it is so dark, and your lantern is such a help."

"Go with me? to be sure you shall! Do you think I would leave you here in the dark? I'll take you upon my back, if you will."

But Robbie would not think of that; and, cheered by his companion's presence and kind words, and especially by the light which enabled him to see where to step, he almost forgot that he was tired, and walked along quite gaily, answering the questions of his new friend, and telling him all about himself.

"Are you going to Townville, sir?" Robbie asked at last.

"Yes! that is where I live."

"Oh! do you? Do you know my

grandmother?" inquired Robbie, with eagerness.

The man laughed out, as he replied, "I really can't tell, sonnie, as I don't know her name yet. But I reckon I do; I know almost everybody in Townville. What's your name?" he added. "I haven't asked you that yet."

"Robert Gray," replied the little boy.

"Robert Gray?" repeated the man, as if he were surprised.

"Yes, sir!" said Robbie, "that is my name."

"It is my name too," said the man, laughing again; "but I suppose that is no reason it should not be yours, though it's a little queer. I always supposed I wasn't the only Robert Gray in the world, though I never happened to meet a namesake before. I wonder now," he continued, as if some new idea had suddenly struck him, "if you can be——," he lifted his lantern again, so that its light shone upon Robbie's face, but the little boy could not see the look of surprise on his, nor how he nodded his head, for he was in the shadow.

He did not finish his sentence either, but, lowering his lantern, took Robbie by the hand, and hurried on at a quicker pace than they had been going before, and, for some time, quite silently. By-and-by he said, "We are almost through the wood now, and that light you see just before us there is the window of my house; my mother always puts it there when she knows that I am coming home by this road."

"It looks very cheerful, sir," said Robbie, "and your lantern has been a great help, too. I could never have got out of the wood to-night without it. Do you think I can find my grandmother to-night?" added the little boy, who, now that he was almost out of the wood, began to feel anxious about that.

"Yes," said his companion, opening a gate which led up to the house, in whose window the light was still burning; "I shouldn't wonder if you found her in here; we'll go in and see, anyhow."

A nice kind-looking old woman opened the door as they came up, and before she had time to ask any questions, her son said:—

"Take that boy in, mother, and see if you know him."

Robbie followed her into a comfortable, neat kitchen; but he was so tired, and the light so dazzled his eyes, just coming in out of the dark, that he did not notice how earnestly Mrs. Gray and her son were both looking at him.

At last the old lady spoke, with trembling voice:—"He is the very image of what your brother John was at his age. Where did you find him, Robert? who is he?"

"Ask him," said her son; "here, Robert, come and tell my mother all you have been telling me as we came along; and then ask her to help you to find your grandmother."

He placed his mother in a chair by the fire, and Robbie stood beside her while he told her of his father's having died and left him alone, and of his long journey to look for his grandmother. "My father's name was John Gray," he said, "but my name is Robert, after my grandfather."

"Then you are my own little grandson, my poor John's child," said the old woman, and her tears fell fast upon his cheeks as she put her arms round him and kissed him; and Robbie cried too, for joy that he had found his dear grandmother, of whom his father had so often spoken to him, and for sorrow that his father was not there too.

Robbie's troubles were all over now, for his grandmother and uncle Robert were very kind, and took as much care of him as his father had done. And he never forgot how good God had been to send him the light he prayed for to lead him out of the dark wood by the hand of his own uncle, who had no idea when he answered the call of the poor, lost boy, that it was the child of his dear brother he was going to help.

Robbie learned, too, as he grew in years, that there is a better light than that which any lamp or candle, or even the light of the sun can give, and that it was for this light that his dying mother had prayed when she said, "O Lord! be his light!" And he was led to seek and to find that dear Saviour, who is "the true LIGHT which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Our Sunday Schools.

THE FLOWERS.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS, BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

"Consider the lilies of the field."—*Matt.* vi. 28.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—When the blessed Saviour was on earth, "he went about doing good." He went on foot from place to place, healing the sick, and preaching the Gospel wherever he was. And as the people followed him in throngs, bringing their sick to be healed, he used to preach to them in the streets; and so his sermons were mostly preached out of doors, and by the wayside. He did not take *texts* to preach from, as ministers now do, but made his sermons out of anything around him. At one time, when the morning sun was coming up over the hills, he pointed to it and told his disciples that they were the light of the world! At another time, he pointed to the salt which had been washed and drenched, till it was good for nothing, and then showed that his people are like it, when they lose his spirit. There is a white city on the top of yonder high hill, and it is seen from every place around, and he tells his disciples that they are like such a city set on a hill. That man who is ploughing keeps his eye on the furrow; he does not turn and look back a moment; and Christ tells us that, if we look back, we are not fit for the kingdom of heaven. From the man sowing in the field, Christ teaches us how the word of God is preached, and how different men receive it. So he teaches from the vine by the wayside; from the fig-tree in sight; from the vineyard on the hill-side; from the casting of a net into the sea; from the lighting of a sparrow on the ground; and from the falling of a hair. Then he sees some lilies, and tells us to consider them,—how they are more richly clothed than Solomon in all his glory ever was!

Do you wonder that Christ preached from these things? The same hand that wrote the texts in the Bible, painted the lily. God has painted the skies, and made the stars to flash and sparkle, and turned the clouds of the morning and evening into palaces of gold, or rolled them up like great, floating mountains of silver. He does not glue the clouds to the sky, nor hang them up there like great sheets of lead, nor spread them out like lakes of ink, but he rolls them from one beautiful form into another. He folds the heavens in festoons, and hangs the rainbow over the earth like a great wreath of flowers. He paints the grass on which you tread, the deepest green. And on the summer's morning, when the world sits silent, as if waiting for a choir of angels to lift up their voices and praise him, or when the great red sun goes down at night like a joyous child going to his pillow, how beautiful it is! What a look the sun throws back, when he turns the lake into a great basin of gold!

And the spring! when the winter goes away, what a resurrection! The river bursts from the chains of ice that held it so fast; the little seed that lay freezing in the ground begins to sprout; the little bird whose notes seem to tremble for joy, the small insect that leaps up and utters his hum of gladness, the mountains with their thin veil of blue over their faces, the buds that swell and burst, and the very trees that seem to clap their hands for joy,—all preach about God!

"Consider the lilies!" We must, my dear children, study the works of God. Oh! he *might* have made the grass to be coloured like the mud in the street; the trees to shoot up their branches like iron wire, without a green leaf to cover them; the morning sky to be black, like the pall on a coffin; and he *might* have made every beast to howl in pain, and every bird to shriek in notes of agony, and every bush to bristle with thorns, and every flower to hang its head in a sickly yellow, with a fragrance like that of an old grave; and the sparkling brooks *might* have been made to lie still and dead; but instead of that he has made the flowers to smile on us,—has hung, as it were, a whole flower-garden lifted up on a single apple-tree,—and has clothed the pear, the peach, and the cherry trees in beautiful flowers, like a queen's robe

thrown over each tree. The fields of grain send abroad their perfume. The very potato has a charming flower. All these hath God made, not to be eaten, or drunk, or burned up, but to make our hearts glad and our eyes delighted. Consider the flowers.

1. *How many flowers God has made!*

I have sometimes been deep in the wild American forests, sometimes have followed a great river up in the forest till it became so small that I could step over it, sometimes have climbed mountains very lofty, and then have gone down into deep valleys; but I have hardly ever been to the spot where the light of the sun comes where I have not found flowers. They look into the water as they lean over it on the bank of every stream; they peep out of the cracks in the rocks; they stand smiling at the mouth of the dark cavern,—and everywhere seem to say, "Here we are! God's hand has been here to plant us!" Under the burning sun of the south, and far up among the icebergs of the north, we find the bright, sun-kissed flower, or the pale, meek dweller among the snows. The flower! Hear its voice! "I am willing to hang over the deep, awful precipice, or to bloom in the window of the poorest cottage, or to live amid the spray and the thunderings of the cataract, or to cheer the room of the sick man, or to smile amid the din and noise of the factory, or to live in the smoky lane of the city, or to add new beauty to the costliest palace ever reared!"

There are as many as two thousand kinds of roses. You set *one* little stem of a rose, and place it in your window, and its bud will swell, and it will open its petals, and give out its fragrance, and long cheer you, as it hangs on its little stalk, trembling in its beauty. You plant the bulb of the tulip in the ground, and it sleeps there all the winter; but in the spring it comes out and blossoms, and makes every passer-by to pause and consider its beauty. From the tall cedar on the top of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, or the moss or lichen on the rock, the world is full of the most beautiful flowers.

2. *Consider how many kinds of flowers God has made!*

When we go out and walk across a field, we tread on a multitude of flowers, white, red, blue, and yellow, the names of which we do not even know. Every kind of flower now found in gardens, or greenhouses, once grew wild in the fields. In one single garden, or in one greenhouse, what a great variety do you see! How bright the red is on some! How pure the white on others! How soft the velvet, or how faint and lovely the blush spread over others! Up the same little stem the juices run, and are then coloured, and spread over the leaves and flowers so softly, that you can hardly tell where one colour begins or another ends.

3. *Consider how beautiful God has made the flowers!*

Perhaps there are some people who see no more beauty in a flower than if it were a cabbage, and the finest rose is nothing to them; and perhaps there are those who take no pleasure in music, and who would not thrill at the song of angels. But such people are not often found. We admire what is beautiful, and we cannot help it. What makes the poor washerwoman save her broken teapot and plant her flower in it, and watch it every day, and feel such a joy when it blossoms?

A poor prisoner tells us, that from his little grated window he could just see a creeper that was growing up in the prison-yard, and trying to get into the sun. Every day and hour he watched it; and when it got up high, it seemed to rejoice and look over the wall, green and thriving, as much as to say, "I am willing that my foot should be in the prison-yard, pinched up among the bricks, if I may only get sunlight and pure air, and look up into the bright heavens!" The tenant of the dungeon seemed to feel that the creeping-flower knew him, and answered back his love, and smiled upon him. It was the only thing in all the world that seemed to care for him. But one day a rude or a wicked hand destroyed it! Oh, then he felt that the last and only friend he had in the world was gone, and he sat down and wept like a child!

What comfort in the sight of one common flower! What makes the poor dweller in the city-cellar, where the sunlight *never* comes, try so hard to make her little pale flower live! She gives it almost the whole of her dingy window. What makes the sick one smile when a bunch of flowers is brought

to his bedside, and feel as if they were the smiles of angels? What makes the mother pluck the fairest flowers, and put them into the coffin of her child, so that the memory of the last long look upon her child shall be connected with the beauty of flowers which were clustered on its bosom, or were held in its waxen hand? There is not a prison or a dungeon in the world where the heart would not be softened by one single flower.

And—what is curious—there is not a flower on the wild prairie, or on the high mountain, or in the deep valley, so beautiful that it may not be made more beautiful by culture. The rose becomes more "double," and the tulip and the carnation wear a more gorgeous dress, and every variety is greatly improved by culture. Perhaps this was a part of the care of Adam in the garden of Eden. I never see a flower droop without a feeling of sadness, or crushed without feeling pain, or a leaf fall without feeling regret. Some flowers seem to speak to the eye, by their great beauty; and some to the smell, by their fragrance and sweetness. And if the flowers could break out in singing, in proportion to their number and beauty, how would the fields, the hills, the valleys, the forests, and the mountains send out their melody, sweet almost as that of heaven!

The mother calls her infant a flower. If it dies, a rose-bud, unopened, carved on the tomb-stone, tells the story. Were we to weave a garland for the greatest and the best man that ever lived, we should weave it of flowers. Thus the human heart is always saying that flowers are the most beautiful things in the world. We want them to adorn the palace of kings; we want them at the great festival; we place them on the brow of the fair bride; we want them in the saloon of wealth; we want them in our sick room, and their presence and perfume must cheer our coffins. It is the *flower*—not one made of wax, or paper, or cloth, but a real flower—that we want, such as was pencilled by the divine hand.

Some of these creations of God are so delicate, that they must open in the night, and look out by star-light for a moment, and then shut up again for ever! One can almost weep to watch and see the night-blooming Cereus,—bursting out with almost the beauty of an angel, and too delicate for earth, perishing before morning!

On a calm Sabbath morning, when the whole of creation seems waiting for a visit from its great King and Maker, how the flowers,—even the humblest in your garden,—the shrubbery at your door, the great trees in the orchard, the flowers that grow wild and alone on the hill and in the fields,—all wake up, bathed and washed in dew, and all seeming to long for a voice with which to praise God! Consider the flowers, and tell us what is their language? Do they not speak of the greatness, the skill, and the wisdom of that Being who has sowed them all over the earth, in numbers almost infinite, and painted them with a skill more than human? What a beautiful song was that of Solomon when he said, "Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

In some countries, they carry fresh garlands of flowers and hang them over the grave of the dead, as if the cold sleeper beneath the sods *must* still enjoy the beauty and fragrance of flowers.

There are gardens that never had a flower in them, and parlours that never were gladdened by a blossom; and so there are hearts also that never loved flowers! But ask that father why he is so choice of that little tree which was planted in the garden by his little son, before he went into the grave? Ask that mother why she stops and stands still before that little flower, planted by her loving child before she left her to go far away from the home of her childhood? Ah, it is because a loved hand planted them, and they seem to speak of it! They are memorials. And ought we not to admire the flowers which our heavenly Father planted, and painted, and beautified? Does not each one speak of him? Why, if one of these little children were on his death-bed, and should say to his mother, "I shall die, my mother, but the flower that I planted will live; and when I am in the grave, will you not bend over it and think of your little boy?" would not his mother cherish and love that flower, and water it with her tears? The rose that folds her leaves on her

beautiful bosom, and that hangs her head and fills the air with fragrance, seems to say, "God made me to smile on you, and make you think of him!" And yet men will trample on flowers, pass by them without one look, or, if they see them, give not one thought to God! Oh, how many will enter your parlour and admire *your* skill and *your* care in rearing the beautiful flowers in your windows, without giving one thought to the skill and wisdom of him who created them! If they consider the lilies, they do not consider him who made them. Why can they not lift the heart to him whose sunbeams spread the different colours so clear and bright; so distinct, and yet blended together so as no human pencil could paint them!

The world is full of beauty, created by our kind heavenly Father, not for the rich and the great merely, but for *all*, so that the poorest man may have his cottage made as cheerful as if he were a king. We get tired of a flower in a lady's bonnet made by human skill, but we are never tired of those that God made. His sun is gold, his stars are silver; his birds and insects on the wing in the air, and the swift swimmers down in the deep waters, are painted most exquisitely. The little flower that hangs on its tiny stem; and the stars that flash in the great arch of heaven; and the morning, after the veil of night is lifted up, coming up from the east, fresh as if bathed in the dews of the first creation; and the spring, breathing life into every pore of the earth; and the sun wrapped in the drapery of kings, riding on a canopy of gold; and men standing erect, in full health, with a voice that can make the heart thrill, whether lifted up in song or in eloquence, with an eye that flashes intelligence or affection, and with a mind that makes him the lord of the world,—these are all made by God, to show us what beautiful things he can make!

Is it not wonderful that all religions, whether true or a fable,—all have, as a part of their history, the story of the garden where man was first placed? Not one that does not mingle the garden, and running waters, and immortal trees and fruits, as the best likeness of heaven the imagination can form! When an old man goes back in memory to the days of his childhood, he always goes back to the garden whose alleys he trod, whose flowers he gathered, and whose shade he sat under, when the grass was green, and bees were humming, and everything was so bright.

When God talked with Adam at his creation, he took him to a *garden*, and gave it to him as his home. When the Saviour went out to pray, the very night before he was put to death, he went to a *garden*; and when he was buried, it was in a *garden*. And the heaven to which he will take his people is called paradise, or a garden.

What will heaven be!

Here, our climate chills and blights, the insects cut off our beautiful things, and the fairest that earth knows must die! Here, it is said, the nightingale must have her eyes put out to make her song the sweetest; the flower must have water withheld to make its blossoms the richest, and its leaves must be crushed to make them give out their sweetest perfume. But in heaven, the flowers that died in Eden when sin entered will live, never to die. There will be no coffined child with flowers in its fingers, to make death seem less gloomy. I once attended the funeral of a lovely girl about fifteen years old, and after the coffin was put down in its deep grave, her weeping schoolfellows came up and looked into the cold grave, and then cast their flowers and bouquets on the coffin, and almost covered it. It seemed like Hope going down and cheering the darkness of the tomb. But I thought, too, that he who made those flowers so beautiful would raise up that Christian child and cause *her* to bloom,—a flower in the garden of God for ever. Ah, indeed! the roses that grow there will never fade nor decay. All that is beautiful here on earth, in form or colour, deed or character, will be there.

Consider the flowers! Each one, though its foot is in the ground, lifts its head as high towards heaven as it can, and each one seems to preach to us of the wisdom and power and goodness of God, and each one seems to ask, "Will these children fear and love and obey Christ, so that *they* may all be transplanted to the garden of heaven; or will they be wicked, and for ever be separated from all that is beautiful and lovely and good, in all the kingdom of God?"

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE following is a copy of the Seventy-third Report of the Baptist Missionary Society, presented at the Annual Meeting on Thursday, April 27th :—

"The lapse of another year has brought with it the duty of laying before the constituency of the Society, the Seventy-third Report of its Committee. If it shall be found that the year has presented no very marked features of interest, yet the Committee are glad to express their satisfaction with the perseverance and diligence of the honoured brethren whose services for Christ they are about to record, and their gratitude for the Divine blessing which has not been withheld."

FINANCES.

"Very early in the year the attention of the Committee was directed, by the Treasurer, to the great increase in the value of property in the City; and he suggested for their consideration, whether the Mission-house might not be sold to advantage, and more eligible premises erected on a less costly site. Measures were at once taken to obtain the judgment of gentlemen competent to advise the Committee, and, after mature deliberation, they determined to submit the property to public competition, due care being taken to fulfil all the conditions of the trust deed. The premises not being sold at the auction, they have been disposed of, by private contract, for the sum of £10,500, being nearly double the original cost in 1841. As possession was agreed to be given to the purchaser at Midsummer, no time was lost in seeking for another house with sufficient accommodation, until new premises be erected, should that course be ultimately deemed advisable. After diligent inquiry, they finally purchased the lease and fixtures of a large house in John Street, Bedford Row, for £400, at a rental of £70, with taxes a little over £30. The taxes alone on the Mission-house are nearly £126, so that for some time there will be a considerable saving to the Society; for the Committee have no idea of absorbing any portion of the purchase-money of the present premises into the general expenditure; nor do they apprehend that the erection of a new house will exceed the original cost of the one about to be vacated. There will remain, therefore, a considerable surplus to be applied in such ways as may be best adapted to promote the interests of the Society. The Committee rely, with confidence, on the kindness of their constituents in regard to these arrangements, which, they hope, will have their cordial approval.

"The financial condition of the Society, during the year, has occasioned considerable anxiety and concern. In every part of the field the expenses of the agency have increased, in India especially; while the demand for an augmentation of the number of teachers and native preachers has been incessant. The Committee have been most anxious to keep the expenditure within the limits of the anticipated income. They naturally looked for a considerable augmentation as the result of last year's effort; for they did all that lay in their power to make known to the churches that, without a large increase in their contributions, the present operations of the Society could not be maintained, much less extended. How far these expectations have been fulfilled, the balance-sheet will show; and to it they now beg to call especial attention.

"The total receipts for the current year amount to £29,744 16s. 2d., exclusive of the balance in hand of £2,723 15s. 6d., and the expenditure to £31,469 0s. 5d., having a balance of only £8 11s. 5d. From this statement it will be seen that the expenditure exceeds the income by nearly £2,000. Though £1,300 less have been received from legacies, yet the advances by the Calcutta Press have been nearly that amount in excess of last year, so that the deficiency from one source of income has been supplied by another. The income for general purposes is the one which requires most attention, as indicating the contributing ability of the churches. In 1864, after deducting the special contributions for expected debt, they gave £17,006; in 1865, £18,362, which gives a real increase of only £470. This result is far from satisfactory, and the Committee can only once more earnestly entreat the pastors and officers of the churches to bring the subject before them.

"The Committee have to acknowledge £1,100 from the Committee of the Bible Translation Society, which still continues to supply the funds that are needful to carry on this important branch of the Society's operations. Of the sums noted in the balance-sheet, it will be seen that £500 were received on account of last year, but too late to be carried to that account.

"The Committee are happy to state that the contributions to the Widows and Orphans' Fund are still increasing. It is greatly to the praise of many of the smaller churches, especially, that they cherish so deep an interest in the effort to meet, in some degree at least, the wants of the bereaved. The expenditure on this account has exceeded the receipt by the small sum of £11 4s. 8d. The contributions to the fund for native preachers, chiefly from the young, are larger by £20 19s. 5d., a fact all the more pleasing because there is nothing in the object peculiarly attractive, while it indicates an intelligent interest on their part in one of the most important branches of missionary agency.

"It is not unlikely that the income for the present year has been somewhat affected by the special appeals which have been made on behalf of Jamaica. The Committee were appealed to by the Baptist Union in that Island, for assistance towards maintaining and enlarging their educational operations, which, from various causes, had, of late years, become less effective than formerly. As the Committee had no funds at their disposal to apply to such an object, they suggested that a deputation should be sent to this country to lay the case before the friends of education generally. The Rev. W. Teall was appointed, and, on his arrival, was cordially welcomed; and the Committee passed resolutions commending him to the kind consideration of the churches. Those whom he has visited have not been wanting in liberality, and, aided by the Society of Friends —ever among the foremost in active sympathy for the Negro race—he has collected over £800 towards the £3,000 which the brethren in Jamaica deem necessary to carry their plans fully out.

"In the midst of these efforts, tidings reached this country of the deep distress into which the people were plunged by a continuance of a severe drought, which was destroying the crops, desolating their provision-grounds, rendering labour scarce, and reducing large numbers of the people to absolute want. Under these circumstances, the Committee felt that it was their duty to lay the facts before the churches, and they issued an appeal embodying them, and stating the authorities whence the knowledge of them was derived. That appeal was promptly responded to, and the result has been a contribution, in collections and donations, amounting, on the 31st of March, to

nearly £1,400; besides which, very large quantities of useful articles of clothing have been sent up from all parts of the country. The sympathy felt for the suffering peasantry in Jamaica has been very general and deep, and it is gratifying to the Committee to know that many persons in the humblest walks of life, hearing of this distress, have hastened, by their numerous, though small donations, to assist in alleviating it.

"For the present, this effort has prevented Mr. Teall from prosecuting his labours. The Committee trust that, as soon as the pressure of this calamity has somewhat abated, their friends resident in parts of the country which he has not yet visited, will be able to receive and assist him in his important errand; for it must be obvious that, unless the means of education be supplied to the rising race of Jamaica, they will grow up in ignorance and the bad habits consequent upon it, and be wholly disqualified to take the place of those who, by reason of age, are fast passing away.

"If these special appeals on behalf of Jamaica have somewhat lessened the general income of the Society, no one will begrudge the help afforded to our brethren there. Not many years have passed since the signal success of missionary labours in that Island drew toward it the fixed and earnest regard of British churches; and the fearful struggle consequent upon the efforts of the planters to banish Christianity from it, none can forget who lived while it was going on, and which terminated in the extinction of slavery throughout the British Empire. And, now that a new order of things has arisen there, the members of the Baptist Missionary Society, whose missionaries bore the brunt of this conflict, and mainly contributed to its happy issue, could not turn coldly away from Jamaica, over which a dark cloud of sorrow and calamity has come, and with which are associated the memory and labours of such men as Coultart, Tinson, Burchell, and Knibb. The Committee, therefore, feel that they have no apology to offer for having done what they could to assist their brethren in this time of adversity and trial. It only remains to say that they believe the funds placed at their disposal will be carefully distributed; and that the Committee appointed in Jamaica will endeavour to use them, as far as practicable, in promoting industrial occupation, that the aid now given may become a source of permanent benefit to the people."

THE MISSIONARIES.

"One missionary, who was the oldest living missionary of the Society, the Rev. John Johannes, has been called to his reward. During the whole term of his missionary life, a period of forty-four years, he laboured in Chittagong, in Eastern Bengal. The early portion of it was spent in educational labours; but his later years were devoted to the proclamation, and that not unsuccessfully, of the everlasting Gospel. He lived to see great changes in the country in which he was born. The little church he was permitted to gather is the first-fruits; but the seed he has diligently sown has yet to bear that full and abundant harvest for which he toiled and prayed. He died in perfect peace, calmly resting in the Saviour, whose grace had been the theme of his ministry. One other missionary has been lost to the Society by failure of health. The Rev. J. Peacock returned from Africa broken down by the rigours of the climate, and though now restored, his constitution will not bear a further exposure to its noxious power.

"On the other hand, the strength of the mission has been kept up by the departure of the Rev. J. Kingdon for China, and the Rev. Q. W. Thomson for the coast of Africa. Four brethren, at home last year for the restoration of health, have returned to their several spheres of labour—the Rev. Alfred Saker, with his family, to Cameroons River, and the Revs. George Pearce and James Parsons, with their wives, to India. The Committee have also assisted the church of Allahabad to secure the services of the Rev. John Jackson. The Rev. J. Diboll, after rendering valuable service to the Committee in this country, has listened to the call of a church of coloured men in the colony of Sierra Leone. Sprung from the labours of the missionaries of the Society, in the first years of its existence, this church of emancipated negroes has long besought the Committee to furnish them with a pastor. Events concurring with the wish of Mr. Diboll, the Committee have gladly sanctioned his entrance on this special work. They hope that the church will ere long be in a position to maintain itself in vigorous life, independant of the Society's aid."

PROSPECTS IN INDIA.

"In their last year's Report your Committee dwelt at some length on the state of the native mind of India, on the influence education was exerting in the chief centres of population and government, on the growth and tendencies of the Brahmist sect, on the changes proceeding in the opinions and habits of Hindu society, on the extent of the knowledge of the Gospel, and the great interest shown in the most unexpected quarters in the education of females, so long excluded from all the avenues of instruction. The reports of the present year amply confirm the statements then made. If some of the missionaries still complain of the apathy to be met with in many places, others speak as confidantly of their frank reception, and of the great change that has taken place in the nature of the arguments now employed by their heathen auditors. 'The keenness which many manifest in argument,' says the Rev. W. A. Hobbs, 'is a clear indication that they have read the Scriptures.' The old objections, with which the missionaries were at first assailed, are now seldom heard. The contradictions said to be found in the Bible, the assumed antagonism of science to some of its statements, the character of the laws of Moses, the corruptions that Christianity has suffered, the differences between the versions of the Scriptures, and the notion that there is no need of a written revelation; these and similar objections are now found on the lips of many, and sufficiently prove that the Word of God has entered into the thoughts of multitudes, and is awakening inquiry and keen discussion. Even Brahmins, while clinging to the ancient system, freely acknowledge that old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new.

"Meanwhile, adhesions to the Gospel multiply. In some cases single persons, suffering great opposition, come out and confess Christ; in others, whole families, even entire villages, place themselves under Christian instruction. Of the latter, instances occur in Backergunge, under the vigorous ministry of Mr. Page; of the former, the following is a striking illustration. 'In October last,' relates the Rev. J. Lawrence, of Monghyr, 'a shopkeeper from the bazaar, who, as a boy, had learned to read the Scriptures in one of our schools, determined to profess himself a Christian. For fourteen years he had ceased to worship idols, and, for about seven years, had been seriously contemplating an open profession of the Gospel. One night he came to the native Christians. He broke caste, and stayed with them a month, paying his own expenses, and eating of their food. At length he returned home. An immense crowd assembled before his house, some abusing, some cursing him; some declaring that he ought not to be suffered to remain in his own dwelling; others said he had long been a Christian, and it was better that he should openly avow it. As he entered at one door, his wife and children fled away by another, and hitherto have resisted all his attempts to induce them to return. All this the poor man has endured with meekness.' As a secret disciple, kept back through fear of persecution, this individual appears not to have stood alone, for, recently visiting the town from house to house, Mr. Edwards found several others who privately worshipped the Lord Jesus Christ.

"In the opinion of some of our brethren, however, the Gospel has to meet with more deadly opposition in India than it has ever yet encountered; and that with the advent of its greatest triumphs will come persecution and losses, of which those of the past are but a faint indication. 'Hitherto,' says the Rev. George Kerry, 'Hinduism has been like a large weighty mass, opposing to the progress of Christianity only the force of the "inertia of rest." I believe by-and-by there will be a change, and Hinduism will seem rather like a giant awaking from his sleep to see his life and possessions in peril. It will rise and shake itself, and then woe to those who are not prepared for the battle!'"

ADDITIONS TO THE CHURCHES.

"If we compare the accessions made to the churches of Northern India, during the last few years, with an earlier period, the increase is very gratifying. Looking back for the last twelve years, we find that during the first six the average number of baptisms for each year was 104. In the last six years the average is double, being 210. The baptisms of last year are somewhat in excess of this, being at least 220. If, therefore, from year to year, the progress made seems almost imperceptible, yet a comparison with the past shows that, through the blessing of God, the tide of success is ever increasing in volume."

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

"The itinerant labours of the missionaries have been as extensive as in any former year; but a new feature was introduced into the proceedings of this year which deserves special notice. Some time since a proposal was made by Mr. Murdoch, of Calcutta, that the British and Foreign Bible Society should supply every village in Northern India with a copy of the New Testament, and every child in the village schools that could read with a copy of one of the Gospels. As the suggestion made by your Committee to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, that our missionaries should be allowed to distribute our own versions in the districts where they alone labour, was not acceded to, our Calcutta Translation Committee made arrangements to appropriate a portion of the funds supplied by the Bible Translation Society to this very desirable object. In pursuance of the plan, colporteurs, consisting of capable native brethren, were selected, and set to work in the districts of Backergunge, Jessore, Beerbhoom, and around Cutwa. In Backergunge two brethren were employed, and furnished with a boat in which to reach the numerous villages scattered among the swamps of this low-lying district. Up to the end of December they had visited 146 villages. They went from house to house, finding out every one that could read. To all such they gave a Gospel, and a New Testament to the chief man in the place; but whole villages were met with in which not a single person could read. The Bible-readers also entered freely into conversation with the people, and explained some of the great truths contained in the books they brought. Hundreds of families have thus for the first time heard of Christ and the great salvation. One of the thirteen sections into which the district is divided has been gone entirely through.

"In Jessore the original plan was more strictly adhered to; the colporteurs not attempting, as in the former case, to visit all the families in every village, a more rapid and extensive distribution was secured. The three missionaries labouring in this large district, which contains a population of nearly a million of souls, united with their native helpers in the task. The result is, that 264 villages have been visited, and 923 New Testaments and 1,760 single Gospels distributed. Some interesting facts, exhibiting the painful ignorance of the people, were elicited in the course of these visits. Mr. Hobbs reports that in 821 villages that were visited in his section, there were found only 25 boys' schools. These were conducted by 77 teachers, and contained 1,783 scholars. Not a single girls' school was met with. More than one-half of the boys in the schools were unable to read intelligibly, and to those only who could read was a copy of the Gospel given. Of the 405 Testaments left in this section, 70 were given to the schoolmasters; 335 to the head men of the villages. In about one-half of the villages visited the Gospel was preached, and in nearly all cases conversation took place on the great themes of the Bible. It proved to be a work of great toil. Some thousands of miles were travelled. In many villages there were no bazaars, and food was with difficulty obtained. Often the shelter was of a most wretched description, and in remote places it was sometimes absolutely refused. Generally the books were gladly received; in a good many instances persuasion had to be employed; in a few they were rejected altogether.

"In Beerbhoom about 130 villages were visited. From Cutwa the returns are not yet furnished. In the former district 25 Testaments and 250 Gospels were left, and it was found that in but few places had the herald of the cross ever before delivered the message of peace. In Cutwa, and in similar remote places, the people say, 'Sahib, we have now the books, but you must send preachers amongst us to explain them.'"

BIBLE-WOMEN.

"Of a somewhat similar character are the labours of the Bible-women, who have been most usefully engaged in Cutwa among the female part of the population. This excellent agency has also been introduced in Monghyr. Such an attempt to reach a class of the population, hitherto almost inaccessible to the Gospel, is of the deepest interest. Occasionally these Christian women meet with a rebuff, and are charged with attempting to destroy caste. Generally they are received with pleasure, being sometimes even offered money for their visits. In one instance they met with a Hindu lady, who had been taught by her husband to read. He desired to confess himself a follower of Christ, but was reluctant to take the irrevocable step without his wife accompanying him. Wherever practicable, the Committee will be glad to see the extension of an agency so admirably calculated to penetrate the recesses of Hindu society, and to bring the Gospel home to the domestic life of the people."

THE SELF-SUPPORT OF NATIVE CHURCHES.

"The Committee reported last year the issue of an address to the native converts, urging the duty of self-support, and exhorting them to liberality for the furtherance of the Gospel. The receipt of this address was soon followed by a large gathering of the converts inhabiting numerous villages to the south of Calcutta, at which it was the subject of much discussion and consideration. A reply was prepared, and forwarded to the Committee, signed by twelve of the pastors and preachers, with several of the deacons and schoolmasters, in which they say that they have been accustomed to assist in the erection and furniture of their chapels and school-rooms, that the collections after the Lord's Supper are devoted to the relief of widows, and to supplying their poor brethren with houses and clothes. They assure the Committee of their desire to do more, and that they will be mindful to collect something every Lord's day. The occurrence of the cyclone, which devastated the portion of the country in which they dwell, swept away their houses, and cast them into deep poverty, has, doubtless, alone prevented the fulfilment of their resolves; but the Committee are glad to know that the association then formed is to be perpetuated, and cherish the expectation that the cordial reception given to their suggestions will, in due time, lead to the independence they desire to see established throughout the mission-field. Indications that our native brethren in India are becoming alive to the necessity of cultivating a

spirit of self-reliance, have also reached the Committee from other districts. Under the excellent guidance of Puddoo Lochun, co-pastor with Mr. Sampson of the native church at Johnnagger, it is stated that the Christians of that church realise, to a greater extent than has hitherto been the case, independence in the management of their church affairs. In Jessore, the people have begun to make a weekly collection. At present the proceeds are very small; still they indicate a willingness to try what can be done; one church, that of Buridanga, has been left entirely to its own resources.

"In Backergunge, Mr. Page reports that while distress and extreme poverty delay the prospect of the village churches becoming really independent, yet 'subscription boxes have been placed before the congregations every week, in all the stations, and many are learning to bring their pice with them when they enter the house of God.' At Dacca, the native church has formed a committee to collect money for the repairs of their chapel. The members have also established a weekly freewill offering, and a subscription to aid inquirers who may have to appeal to their hospitality. In Delhi, weekly offerings have been begun; the Paharyunge church, though very poor, has raised thirty-three rupees. In connexion with this mission are a few men of position and influence, who freely give their time and energies to the diffusion of the Gospel. Such an one is Subha Chund, of Rohna. Another is a Brahmin, of Secundersbad, by name Chunder Muni. He is a grain merchant, tolerably rich, and pretty well educated; and, although not yet baptized, makes the Gospel the theme of his conversation wherever he goes. Thoroughly independent, he stands on vantage ground with his countrymen. Lately he has proposed to call an assembly in the town at his own charges, to discuss the merits of Christianity. In three other places as many members of the church have disinterestedly sought the spiritual welfare of their countrymen. Such action as this Mr. Smith does all in his power to encourage.

"In connexion with this topic the Committee cannot pass over the very efficient and successful labours of Goolzar Shah, the pastor of the church in South Colingah, Calcutta. This church consists of nearly forty members, and has enjoyed for several years the gratuitous services of our estimable native brother. For twelve years it has been a self-supporting church. Though largely assisted by European friends in the support of their evangelizing agencies, the members have not by any means been deficient in liberality. Last year the purely native subscriptions alone amounted to 282 rupees. From their funds they have supported two native preachers, who, with the pastor, almost daily preach in some part of the city of Calcutta. The pastor has now added to his other labours the superintendence of a home for the sons of his native brethren in the country districts, who may wish to obtain for their children an education which Calcutta alone can supply. 'I am trying my best,' says Goolzar Shah, 'always to impress upon our brethren the duty of their being fellow-helpers and hearty labourers with you in the Saviour's kingdom.' The Committee trust that his excellent example will find many imitators among the native churches of India in the years to come."

SERAMPORE COLLEGE.

"The Report furnished by the president of Serampore College, presents several features of interest. The classes in the upper department of the Institution have been larger the last two years than any former ones, the native students numbering each year nearly fifty. They have exhibited much interest in the scriptural instruction they have received, partly arising from the formation of a Society of Brahmists in Serampore, by which deistical sentiments have been promulgated in opposition both to Hinduism and Christianity. Some months since hopes were cherished that three of the students would openly confess Christ. Two of them had long been known as unusually interested in Christian truth. The third had repeatedly requested to be baptized. At length he came to the missionary for that purpose. His friends, by persuasions and various allurements, interfered and induced him to return home. He was never allowed to resume attendance at the college; and, at least for a time, the expectations which were cherished are destroyed. This is only another illustration of the fact that in bringing India to a knowledge of Christ's salvation, our brethren must abound in labour, and in quiet confidence wait for its result. Of the four students who were preparing for missionary work, two have left without fulfilling the hopes they had awakened; another is still pursuing his studies, and the fourth, a native, is employed in connexion with the mission at Cutwa. He promises to be a useful man in the service of Christ, to which he has, with much self-sacrifice, devoted himself. Twenty-one native youths, most of them the sons of our native preachers, occupy buildings erected for the purpose in the college compound. Several pleasing instances of conversion have taken place among them, and five during the year have been baptized. A very considerable improvement is reported in their quality as students, and their tutors look forward to a goodly proportion of them as likely to be found worthy of employment as native missionaries. Three youths from Burmah have been supported at the college by the American missionaries. Their progress has been so satisfactory that there is a prospect of others arriving from Rangoon, to pass through a similar course of study and preparation for useful employments in that country. The Committee close this brief account of the Serampore College, by expressing their gratification that the theological training class, which their highly-esteemed brother, the Rev. George Pearce, has undertaken to establish and conduct, will have its home in Serampore, the original seat of our mission, and around which are gathered so many sacred and precious memories.

CEYLON.

"The additions to the churches in Ceylon exceed those of last year; but the missionaries continue to complain of that fatal apathy so characteristic of the Singhalese, and indeed of every Buddhist people. Generally, however, the condition of the churches is more satisfactory, nor have they been affected by the strenuous efforts put forth by the Buddhist priests to draw the members aside from Christianity. In some parts of the inland, discussions continue to be held between the advocates of the Gospel, and the most eminent of the priests, who resort to every possible scheme to secure an apparent victory. Nevertheless, nearly all the converts of last year were from the ranks of Buddhism. But 'Christians,' said one of our native brethren, 'twinkle like fireflies in the dark night of superstition which reigns supreme, the lions prowling about in the shape of active Buddhists.' The spiritual life of the churches has been in some measure stirred up by the address of the Committee. The churches in Grand Pass, Kandy, and Matelle, have successfully supported their pastors, while several of the poorer congregations in the jungle have considerably increased their contributions, and commenced to pay a portion of the salaries of those who minister to them the Word of God. Eight of the jungle churches have raised for this purpose not less than £38 during the year.

"Thus the principle of self-support has in the Ceylon Mission advanced in a gratifying manner, and with it there is a larger degree of activity in the diffusion of the Gospel. As an illustration of this, the pastor of Matelle church writes:—'We have determined that on the first Sunday in